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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Pictorial History of England.* Large 8vo. London, 1838. Knight.

Two volumes of this valuable work are nearly completed, and bring down the annals of England to the termination of the reign of Elizabeth. The plan is not new, as it was originally adopted by Dr. Henry, in his "History of Great Britain;" but, as that history only comes down to the reign of Henry the VIIIth, and as much new historical matter has been brought to light since it appeared, the present work will, undoubtedly, take a high rank among all similar publications. We have here not only a complete "History of England," but, also, a "History of the People." The every-day habits of the Saxons and Normans, and all that could possibly be gathered (to be true and interesting) of the Ancient Britons. Nor is this all; the first volume within itself contains upwards of five hundred wood engravings of monumental records, coins, civil and military costume, domestic buildings, primitive ornaments, sports, portraits of kings and queens, and various historical scenes, with specimens of almost every variety of architecture. Many of these engravings are very valuable, having been copied from drawings, sculptures, buildings, monuments, coins, and other ancient remains of the works of the period which they illustrate, from the Bayeux tapestry to the illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum, &c. The copies of modern historical pictures, which the volumes contain, we value least of all, as it is impossible even to shadow forth the works of a Blakey, De Loutherbourg, Stothard, Ruysdael, Kauffman, &c. (which is here attempted) in wood engraving; however, they are all pleasing, although we would rather have seen more specimens from the missals and charters in their places.

Many of the examples of Saxon costume are excellent, and have been carefully copied from scarce and ancient manuscripts; some of them as old as the period which they illustrate. Some are fac-similes of the originals; others have been improved in the drawing; and generally they are faithful representations of the every-day life of the people—a subject which is also amply treated of in the text. We see the Saxon modes of fishing and hunting; the different weapons used in the chase; the forms of punishment; figures of their ships; their manner of ploughing with oxen, harrowing, and sowing; and groups of bare-footed reapers in the fields. Then we have the forms of their wine-presses; their method of raising water from the wells with loaded levers; a group drinking out of their long and pointed cow's horns; working at a forge; spinning with the old distaff; ship building; the forms of their candlesticks, chairs, beds, tables; their musical instruments, &c., of such shapes that we marvel how they could either sit, sleep, or awaken any sound out of such barbarous-looking articles.

The architecture of the period is also illustrated by the best remains that could be found, or copies from works of the highest authority. Thus, at the time of the Norman conquest, when the Saxon style of building began to dis-

appear, or was so blended in that of the Conqueror as to be scarcely distinguishable, we have specimens of windows from Southwell Minster, St. Cross, Hants, and Caistor, in Northamptonshire. Earl's Barton Tower is also given as a specimen of true Saxon architecture; and there are upwards of forty of Norman capitals and architectural decorations, which present more variations than all the ins-and-outs of heraldry thrice multiplied. Here, again, the Castle of Coninsborough appears; and we see the gray and weather-beaten fortress where Cedric, the black knight, Ivanhoe, and the fair Rowena met together. There a Norman castle presents itself, surrounded by its deep moat, flanked with towers, and defended by barbican, drawbridge, and port-cullis; we see the embattled turrets, the loop-holes, cross-shaped, whence the archers shot; and the gloomy gateway pierced with many a hole, through which melted lead, pitch, and burning sand, could be poured upon the besiegers below, if they won the drawbridge. In another page we find the celebrated Jew's House, at Lincoln, and the splendid Abbey Gateway of Bury St. Edmund's; a plan and elevation of Monk Bar, York; all neatly engraved, and presenting at once to the eye what would be difficult and almost impossible to explain in the text without such illustrations.

Here and there we meet with a few blunders in costume; but these only occur in the historical paintings, which have been copied; and the blame, after all, must rest with such as Angelica Kauffman for attiring Hengist and Horsa as Surrey Theatre bandits. West, for placing a hat shaped like those of the present day in the hand of his pilgrim, and burying Alfred in the flowing drapery of Rome. Smirke, for robing the flatterers of Canute in episcopal garments, and giving the king such a seat as may be found in any modern drawing-room. And Opie, who has encased Edward the First in the armour and huge boots worn in the time of the Commonwealth. Such things ought not to be, nor should we meet with so many errors in the pictures which appear at our annual exhibitions were the artists to bestow a little more pains in research. There are numbers of excellent works on costume. Weigel's old woodcuts, Boissard's works, Vecellio's, Rutz's, Hollar's, Jeffry's, the huge collection of Strutt, Meyrick, Skelton, Smith, Thompson, and Stothard's splendid monumental effigies, with a host of others which may be consulted without difficulty. Such scenes as "A View of the Thames at Coway Stakes," are always interesting, through their associations. We look on this, and remember that Julius Caesar once forced it with his legions; but the same excuse will not serve for the group of "Arch-Druids and Druids." Yet, what displeases the critic may have the contrary effect upon the purchaser of the work; and, in spite of these drawbacks, there is quite enough under the head "Pictorial" to please the antiquary, scholar, artist, and picture-lover in general.

The literary portion is also well done, and is throughout tolerably free from those ebullitions of party feeling which too commonly dis-

grace our histories. The duty of the historian is one of a more serious nature than may at first be imagined, as it is from his pages that the young generally first begin to judge for themselves: therefore, truth should be the leading object of all such writers; and, in the present instance, we are glad to find that men of all opinions are quoted, and that their arguments are brought together with the view to elicit the truth. The volume is richly studded with quotations from almost every imaginable source, which are so arranged as to be at once concise and clear, and always in keeping with the matter on which they are brought to bear.

Every period of the History is divided into seven parts. Thus, from the Norman conquest to the death of King John, A.D. 1066–1216, we have the following divisions:—First, "Civil and Military Transactions," under which head all the great events are recorded: battles, and changes, and struggles,—in fact, the whole of what is found in the generality of English histories, but done here in a superior manner.

Second, and under the "History of Religion," we have a description of all the various orders of friars, the forms of worship, contests between kings, and popes, and bishops, and numerous other similar matters, collected under one great head, and at once presenting almost every thing that need be known in this branch of history.

The third portion is dedicated to the "Constitution, Government, and Laws," carrying us back to "Domesday Book," Soccage, and Villenage, and Frankalmoigne, Homage, and Escuage, and Grand Sergeantie, and all the feudal laws and tyrannous tenures by which squire and serf were bound.

Fourth, "National Industry," shewing the improvements in agriculture and manufactory, with numberless wood-engravings of ancient utensils, spades and axes, carts and ploughs, instruments for working on stone and iron, &c., all fraught with information, and to us, who love to look on such old things, they furnish much amusement.

Under the fifth head we have "Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts," containing specimens of ancient works, the names of old monkish writers, the progress of architecture, music, and painting; with copies of old initial letters, and men playing upon square or crooked things, which may be taken for either fitches of bacon or strings of sausages.

The sixth, "Manners and Customs," and the last part headed the "Condition of the People," bring before us that most important part of history, namely, common or every-day life, and which can only be obtained by connecting together the facts from hundreds of volumes. This portion, which we consider the most laborious and difficult part of history, is creditably executed; and numberless important truths are brought to light, which have hitherto, with few exceptions, been buried in the black-letter pages or manuscripts of our ancient chroniclers.

A closer adherence to the form of some portions of Sharon Turner's admirable "History

of the Middle Ages," would greatly have improved several parts of the work; nor would the important era of Henry the Second been overdone if a few more facts had been gathered from "Littleton's Life" of that monarch. Taking it, however, for "all in all" it is one of the best Histories of England that has appeared for many years, while its illustrations out-distance all that have hitherto been published, and make it, as a family work, both as regards its arrangement and matter, the best that we have seen. It has, therefore, our most hearty recommendation; for it is but seldom, in this book-making age, that we can conscientiously bestow so much unqualified praise upon a production as we have awarded to *The Pictorial History of England*.

From the Introduction, which is evidently written by an able hand, and which will be highly instructive to such as have no inclination to grope their way through the darkness of history, we give the following extracts.

"No question in history is more intricate and difficult than that of the original population of the British Islands. The subject, indeed, in its various relations, is entangled with nearly all the darkest questions that perplex the primeval antiquities of our race. Every part of it has been a field of long and keenly waged controversy, where all the resources of learning and ingenuity, and, it may be added, all the license of imagination and passion, have been called forth in support of the most irreconcilable opinions and systems; and still there is scarcely a leading point in the inquiry that can be said to be perfectly established, or cleared from all obscurity and confusion. Yet, almost in direct proportion to its difficulty, and the degree in which it has exercised and baffled speculation, the subject is interesting and tempting to a liberal curiosity. The connexion which it develops between the present and the remotest past—the extent of the space over which the survey of it carries us—the light, however faint and interrupted, shed by it upon that wide waste of the time gone by, which the torch of history has left in utter darkness—all combine to excite and lure on the imagination, and at the same time to give to the investigation much of a real utility and importance."

Again, in speaking of the press:—

"In the state of the world at which we are now arrived, with the mighty printing-press in perpetual operation every where like another power of nature, it is not to be apprehended that any important movement in human affairs can happen, at least in the civilised parts of the earth, without an account of it being immediately drawn up, and so multiplied and dispersed, that it cannot fail to go down to posterity. Without any regular machinery established and kept at work for that purpose, the transmission of a knowledge of every thing worth noting that takes place to all future generations, is now secured much more effectually than it ever was in those times when public functionaries used to be employed, in many countries, to chronicle occurrences as they arose, expressly for the information of after-ages. Such were the pontifical annalists of ancient Rome, and the keepers of the monastic registers in the middle ages among ourselves, and in the other countries of Christendom. How meagre and valueless are the best of the records that have come down to us thus compiled by authority, compared with our newspapers, which do not even contemplate as at all coming within their design the preservation and handing down to other times of the intelligence collected in them, but limit themselves to the single object of its mere promulga-

tion and immediate diffusion! So much more effectually do we sometimes attain a particular end by leaving it to be provided for by what we may call the natural action of the social economy, than by any artificial apparatus specially contrived to secure it in what may appear to us a more direct and shorter way."

"The best history for posterity is obtained out of materials which were originally provided without any view to that object at all. Nor is this true only of the written materials of history. The same is the case with nearly all the monuments and memorials of every kind of which history makes use. All have been produced, in the first instance, chiefly or exclusively for some other purpose than that of conveying a knowledge of events to posterity. Coins, at once the most distinct and the most enduring witnesses of public transactions, may be said to be wholly intended for the mere present accommodation of the community. So in general are works of architecture, which nevertheless often also eventually come to take their place among the most valuable of our historic evidences. Even a medal struck, or a statue or other monument raised, professedly in honour of some particular event, while it may be admitted to have also in view the perpetuation of the memory of the event, and the transmission of a knowledge of it to future ages, has usually for its main end the present ornament and illustration of the city or country in which it makes its appearance, and the gratification of those who are to be its first beholders. Indeed, were motives of this selfish description wanting, we should probably make very little provision for posterity in any thing; and yet, instigated as we actually are, how constantly and untiringly are we making such provision in all things! Every year that an advancing country continues to be inhabited, it is becoming a richer inheritance, in every respect, for all its future occupants. The ages, however, which witnessed the dispersion and earliest migrations of the different races of the great human family, have left us, for the most part, neither history nor monuments."

There is also much truth in the following remarks:—

"Names have all some meaning when first imposed; and when a place is named, for the first time, by any people, they apply to it some term, in early times generally descriptive of its natural peculiarities, or something else on account of which it is remarkable, from their own language. When we find, therefore, that the old names of natural objects and localities in a country belong, for the most part, to a particular language, we may conclude with certainty that a people speaking that language formerly occupied the country. Of this the names they have so impressed are as sure a proof as if they had left a distinct record of their existence in words engraven on the rocks. Such old names of places often long outlive both the people that bestowed them, and nearly all the material monuments of their occupancy. The language, as a vehicle of oral communication, may gradually be forgotten, and be heard no more where it was once in universal use, and the old topographical nomenclature may still remain unchanged. Were the Irish tongue, for instance, utterly to pass away and perish in Ireland, as the speech of any portion of the people, the names of rivers and mountains, and towns and villages, all over the country, would continue to attest that it had once been occupied by a race of Celtic descent. On the other hand, however, we are not entitled to conclude, from the absence of any traces of

their language in the names of places, that a race, which there is reason for believing from other evidences to have anciently possessed the country, could not really have been in the occupation of it. A new people coming to a country, and subjugating or dispossessing the old inhabitants, sometimes change the names of places as well as of many other things. Thus when the Saxons came over to this island, and wrested the principal part of it from its previous possessors, they seem, in the complete subversion of the former order of things which they set themselves to effect, to have everywhere substituted new names in their own language, for those which the towns and villages throughout the country anciently bore. On this account the topographical nomenclature of England has ever since been, to a large extent, Saxon; but that circumstance is not to be taken as proving that the country was first peopled by the Saxons."

*Heath's Book of Beauty.* Edited by the Countess of Blessington. 8vo. pp. 200. London, 1839. Longman and Co.

THIS volume has been edited with all the taste and talent of Lady Blessington, and is, consequently, in its literary features, one of the best and most agreeable of the Annuals. The contributions, in addition to the pleasant writings of the Editress herself, are chiefly from various and popular pens; and they have not, as is too commonly the case, been induced to send the mere sweepings of the study, but, on the contrary, some very fair examples of that lighter literature which we look for in publications of this class. Others are from individuals whom we could scarcely have expected to meet in such company, and from one of these we shall select our prose specimen. It is a fable by an able and distinguished lawyer, Lord Abinger; and were it only as a literary curiosity would deserve the place which we have assigned it. The other contributors boast among their number of the names of Sir Lytton Bulwer; Mr. Disraeli, jun.; Mrs. Norton; Mr. Bernal; Mr. Mansell Reynolds; Mrs. Fairlie; Lady E. S. Wortley; Mr. J. G. Wilkinson, the Egyptian traveller; Mr. C. Swain; Mr. E. Howard; Lord Gardner; Mr. George Irvine; Mr. W. J. Denison; Mrs. Maclean (L. E. L.); Mr. A. H. Plunkett; Mr. Savage Landor; Miss T. Garrow; Mr. Grantley Berkeley; Mrs. Torre Holme; Mr. Trelawny; Miss L. Sheridan; Miss C. Toulmin; Mr. R. M. Milnes; Mr. B. Simmons; Mr. James Smith; Mr. F. Chorley; Mr. Procter; Mrs. C. B. Wilson; Lord Jocelyn; and Sir W. Somerville;—a plentiful array, and a phalanx fit to furnish much diversity of character and interest. The following is Lord Abinger's allegory.

"At the base of an extensive chain of mountains, whose summits touched the skies, once dwelt a people celebrated for wisdom, piety, and valour. Time, which destroys all things, has obliterated their original name. Divided from the rest of mankind, on the one side by inaccessible mountains, and on all other sides by the ocean, it was upon that element only that they held any commerce with other nations. Their geographical position, fortified by naval defences, secured them from foreign invasion. Whilst other countries were ravaged by hostile armies, and by famine and pestilence, which follow in their track, this happy people read of the calamities of war only in their gazettes. The song of triumph was often sung at their festivals, but the shout of victory was never heard in their fields. In these were seen only the traces of agriculture and abund-

ance, whilst their cities resounded with the busy hum of industry, or the cheerful tones of amusement. Their institutions, founded in great antiquity, had been prudently accommodated to the change of circumstances, and improved gradually by time, and a constant attention to preserve their true spirit and practical advantages. They were always mending, but never reforming. In the true spirit of patriotism, they loved their laws and institutions not only for their intrinsic value, but because they had inherited them from their fathers, and had been imbued with them from their infancy, and found them moulded up with, and grafted into, their language, their manners, and their habits. Ideal forms of government they treated as the amusement of conversation, not as the practical business of life. They considered them as the statesmen of Rome considered the various systems of philosophy taught by the Greeks, worthy of being studied '*disputandi causâ, non ita vivendi.*' They acknowledged nothing abstract, either in virtue, or liberty, or law. Habit, practice, and experience, they looked upon as the true sources of attachment, and the surest foundations of knowledge. They were not less remarkable for devotion to their religion. Before revelation had shed its light amongst men, the constellations of the heavens were the most natural objects of wonder and veneration. This people worshipped the sun and the moon. To the first they ascribed the powers of life and fertility. To his influence they acknowledged their obligations for the blessings of corn, and wine, and oil, and all the fruits of the earth by which man is nourished, and all the flowers of the field by which his senses are delighted. Their hearts swelled with gratitude, and their lips sounded with praise, when they bent towards his rising orb as the author of these inestimable gifts. But when, ascended above the horizon, he darted his beams through the misty clouds of morning, and melted them from before him; they found his face too bright to be looked at; they averted their eyes from a radiance they could no longer endure, and sought refuge in the temples dedicated to his worship, where they adored, in silent awe, the surpassing splendour of his meridian glory. A sense of unbounded power was mingled with their devotion: they felt conscious of an influence that could destroy as well as preserve; and they were filled with reverence and fear when they sought to propitiate a god at once incomprehensible and unapproachable. Not with less reverence, but with less fear, they worshipped the moon. In her they contemplated chiefly the attribute of benevolence, which spread a mild lustre over her countenance, and adorned it with ineffable grace. As she rose from behind their lofty mountains, she became a signal for the cessation of labour, and the approach of pleasure. Those nights of the month, when she shone in her fullest beauty, were dedicated to social amusement, mixed with religious rites. Songs of praise and the harmony of musical instruments expressed and elevated their gratitude. The wide expanse of heavens formed the temple of the goddess, illuminated only by the chaste and silvery flood of light which she poured upon her votaries. These nights were passed in processions, in festivity, in dancing. Devotion was mingled with their amusement, and piety was a portion of their joy. They had a religious establishment which enjoined these rites, and cultivated these feelings. The rules of morality were inculcated by their preachers, and corroborated by the sanctions of religion; and the habits of the youth were formed to a love of peace, order, and

virtue. But neither the power nor the happiness of a nation can endure for ever. After many ages of unexampled prosperity—the admiration and envy of the world—the harmony of this people began to be disturbed by a sect of dissenters from the worship of the sun. At the first, these were but few in number, and had only declared a preference for the moon as the purest object of adoration. The unmixed delight which she gave, the habitual pleasure and gaiety that accompanied her periodical splendour, were the first allurements of these her votaries towards their new heresy. At length, by the incessant practice of extolling her superior claims, and directing their devotions to her, the religious admiration and fervour which she excited began to be extravagant and exclusive. Her beauty, her charms, her power, her virtues, were their constant themes of celebration and praise, till, like the Blessed Virgin amongst the Papists, she began to rob the true deity of his worship, and her partisans ventured openly to deny the divinity of the sun. Whilst their numbers were inconsiderable, they gave no alarm to the government or the church, and were allowed to preach their new doctrine without molestation or controversy. But as this doctrine was founded on the mixture of pleasure with devotion, and appealed for its truth to the senses, it possessed a charm for the multitude which engrossed their passions and inflamed their zeal. The proselytes increased, and their numbers encouraged the boldness of the preachers. It was in vain that the regular clergy endeavoured to call the people back from their frenzy by appealing to the past, by reminding them of the blessings they had enjoyed for so many years under the united worship of the sun and the moon; by admonishing them that the theories of their new instructors, however specious, were not founded on experience nor capable of proof. The arguments of the church served but to kindle new zeal in her opponents. They treated her defenders as actuated by a sense of personal interest, or as governed by antiquated prejudices; they ridiculed experience as the test of reasoning; and treated the wisdom of past ages as a mere topic to delude the present, to throw a mist of prejudice over the eye of reason, and to fetter the freedom of inquiry. They resented the aid which the government afforded to the national worship as an unjust interference with the rights of man; and they denounced as intolerance the support of one form of worship and the encouragement of one system of religious opinions. They published pamphlets, without number, to prove that all mildness, charity, and benevolence, flowed from the moon; that the sun was rather an object of terror; that his influence was malignant; that his burning rays would dry up and consume the earth, but for the kindly rain and refreshing dews, which they ascribed to the labours of the moon. They taught that between these two luminaries there was a constant struggle, in which the moon prevailed; that she was engaged, during her recess, in throwing darkness over the night, to counteract the effect of the excessive light with which he dazzled the eyes of men in the day; that when she appeared in the firmament with him, it was to mitigate the fervour of his rays; and when she beamed in her soft glories—the sovereign of the night—it was to give to the world a foretaste of the undying rapture which would attend her sole dominion. From these premises they deduced, by plain reasoning, that the safety, as well as the happiness of men, depended on the moon; and a corresponding

duty on their part to worship her alone, and by sacrifice and prayer to propitiate her and encourage her to shine the brighter and the longer for their benefit. They gained many proselytes by their reasoning, but more by their eloquence in preaching. This they practised, chiefly during the full of the moon, to vast congregations assembled under the canopy of the heavens, made resplendent by the orb which the preachers invoked, to which the eyes of all the audience were turned, and from which they imbibed at once an impression of the truth and of the delight of their religion. Then the preachers triumphantly declaimed against the bigotry of the Sunnites, who persevered in their infatuated worship even at the very moment when they were driven by the fury of their god to hide their faces from his view in temples and in caverns, where his scorching beams could not penetrate. Lastly, they denounced the government, in unmeasured language, for giving countenance to the established worship, and for allowing any worship whatever to be established. So great was the enthusiasm excited by these means, and so vast the multitude which shared it, that, for three or four nights in every month, the authorities of the state were in danger; and it became a question whether a sudden and immense revolution would not be effected by the popular fury. When the leaders of the new sect had advanced thus far, they thought it better to aim at the power they sought by more constitutional means. They gradually established their influence in the primary assemblies of the people; and finally obtained a small majority in the grand council of the nation. When they had accomplished this, they no longer disguised their intention of destroying all religious and all literature, but their own. They prohibited, by law, any worship but that of the moon; they destroyed the temples erected to the sun, and made it penal to offer any homage to him, or to profess any respect for him. Those who still adhered to the ancient religion, could no longer testify their creed by their conduct: the greater part were obliged to conform to the established discipline; some were banished by public authority; and others sought freedom in voluntary exile, and became the founders of religion in other countries, where they taught the worship of the sun. No sooner had the followers of the moon thus gained the power of the state, than they in their turn were disturbed by a new sect, which improved upon their doctrines. This new sect was founded upon the admitted basis of the first,—that all true felicity was derived from the moon. But they deduced from this, as a necessary consequence, that it was the duty and the interest of all true believers to come as near to the moon as possible, and to dwell in her perpetual light. They pointed out that, notwithstanding the happy change which had recently taken place in the banishment of a false worship, and the establishment of exclusive power in the true believers, yet the moon had neither shone more brightly, nor increased the number of nights in the month when she blazed in the fulness of her majesty; that the nation was in no respect happier, nor wiser, nor richer, than before: on the contrary, they had lost certain temporal advantages in the absence of many wealthy citizens, who, preferring exile to the abandonment of the worship of their ancestors, had transferred themselves and their substance to foreign countries. It was manifest, therefore, that something yet remained to be done for the attainment of true happiness, and to carry out the principles of the



late revolution. They shewed to the people that, when the moon rose from behind the mountain, she always touched it; that, when she was at the full, she rested for several moments upon the summit before she ascended into the heavens; and that, during such time, her orb was dilated with apparent satisfaction, if not with reluctance to quit the mountain. From these signs, and from the principles already established, they deduced, as a natural consequence, the duty of the people to sacrifice every other pursuit in life to the grand object of approaching and touching the moon. It was true that the mountain, beyond a certain height, had been deemed inaccessible, but nothing could resist enthusiasm aided by the divine influence; that when the whole nation should arrive at the summit of the mountain, the moon might very possibly resolve to remain there, and dwell with them for ever: but, at all events, those who desired it would enjoy the inestimable privilege of touching her, and be gainers of immortal life and felicity, whether they became absorbed into her substance, or were allowed, retaining their present forms, to accompany her eternal course in the paradise of her beams. It is incredible with what rapidity this new sect gained credit with the people. Their old attachments once broken, they yielded the more readily to the last novelty. The acknowledged disappointment of their late hope combined, with the desire of consistency, to make them adopt the new theory. The leaders of the late revolution, in order to retain their power, were compelled to place themselves at the head of the new movement, and to increase the impetuosity with which the popular tide overwhelmed all judgment and prudence. The resolution, suggested by the new preachers, was at length adopted, after much debate and various expedients of delay. By a solemn convention and decree, the whole nation was bound to desert their dwellings and their occupations, and to assemble at the foot of the mountain at a period appointed for the purpose, being the night before the full of the moon: thence they were to proceed, in a mass, to ascend by all practicable means. An inconceivable multitude—some furnished with musical instruments, some with scaling-ladders, some with sacks and baskets of provisions—assembled accordingly, and began their march. Many, worn out and exhausted by the labour, died in their progress; many perished by falling between the clefts of the mountain; many, disappointed and disgusted, would have turned back, but were pushed forward by the multitude moving from below. Repentance came too late to save them. Their footsteps could not be retraced: they were borne upwards, till in their turn they ceased to exist. Thus this great and famous nation perished by its own frenzy. The small number which, by incredible exertion and fanaticism, reached the summit of the mountain, were mortified and disgusted beyond expression to find that they were no nearer to the moon than before. They cast themselves down, and wept in despair. Those who recovered wandered away from each other, and became dispersed amongst the nations of the earth, without the name which distinguished them as a people. They appeared to have lost their powers of reason and of just perception; and gave birth to a tradition which long prevailed—that the wits of man, when lost, were to be found in the moon. The remnant of this people, scattered over the face of the earth, is still known by an appellation connected with their fate. Their number is inconsiderable, in comparison with the mass of any nation amongst

whom they dwell. But it has, of late, been much on the increase; and there is reason to fear that, if they should become the majority, they would exercise the power and the right, which a majority is admitted to have, of locking up the minority in bedlams and lunatic asylums: for it is one of their most inveterate maxims,—that reason resides with the multitude, and that the majority can never do wrong."

Among the prose papers we have to notice the spirit and originality of "Sahib Tulwar," by Mr. Trelawny; Mr. Wilkinson's "Mogheeb Tale of the Eighth Century;" and Mr. Procter's "Fragments in the Life of a Philosopher," as being of a more uncommon cast than the usual run of Annual compositions. The poetry is generally of a superior order. The complimentary inscriptions to the portraits of the selected beauties\* are ingeniously varied, and written with a degree of elegance worthy of the fashion to which they are addressed,—Lady Blessington and Mr. Disraeli having distinguished themselves in this line, and James Smith perpetrated a very neat conceit in the same way. Mr. Swain's Songs of the Passions; a well executed thought after the manner of our elder bards, the "*Convict*," by Mr. M. Reynolds; Mr. Landor's dramatic sketches; and other pieces, by Mr. Milnes, Mr. Denison, &c., &c., fill up the measure; and we shall only quote a little poem by Sir Lytton Bulwer to conclude our review.

"Ode to a Leafless Tree in June.

Desolate tree, why are thy branches bare?  
What hast thou done  
To win strange winter from the summer air,  
Frost from the sun?  
Thou wert not churlish in thy palmer year,  
Unto the herd:  
Tenderly gav'st thou shelter to the deer,  
Home to the bird,  
And ever, once, the earliest of the grove,  
Thy smiles were gay:  
Opening thy blossoms with the haste of love  
To the young May.  
Then did the bees, and all the insect wings,  
Around thee gleam;  
Feaster and darling of the gilded things  
That dwell 'till the beam.  
Thy liberal course, poor prodigal, is sped;  
How lonely now!  
How bird and bee, light parasites have fled  
The leafless bough.  
Tell me, sad tree, why are thy branches bare?  
What hast thou done  
To win strange winter from the summer air,  
Frost from the sun?  
'Never,' replied that forest-hermit, lone,  
(Old truth and endless!)  
'Never for evil done, but fortune flown,  
Are we left friendless.  
'Yet wholly not for winter, nor for storm,  
Doth love depart:  
We are not all forsaken, till the worm  
Creeps to the heart!  
'Ah, nought without—within thee, if decay—  
Can heal or hurt thee!  
Nor boots it, if thy heart itself betray,  
Who may desert thee!"

Having disposed of the literary merits of the *Book of Beauty*, we must add a few words about the beauties who give it its name, in the way of art. The painters are Mr. Chalon (6), and Mr. J. Ross (3), with single productions by Lucas, Landseer, and Bostock. Now we are not about to criticise the acknowledged talent of these artists, but simply to point attention to a sort of trick or freemasonry in art, which, in our opinion, has, in several of the portraits, been carried to such an excess as greatly to disfigure these productions. Want of drawing is not ease, nor carelessness free-

\* The Duchess of Sutherland; Viscountess Mahon, Valléfort, Powerscourt, and Fitzharris; Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, and Lady Fanny Cowper; Mrs. Mauberly, Mrs. Mountjoy Martin, Mrs. Verschoyle, Miss Ellen Home Parves, and Miss Cockayne.

dom. In such things we look for finish: but turn over these prints. The Duchess of Sutherland is a fine aristocratic portrait, with, perhaps, a little too much of that flutter of millinery which has become quite a manner with Chalon. The next is Lady Mahon, by Lucas, a very clever and rising young artist; but no man, not Lord Mahon himself, could guess, from this picture, which was shoulder, and which bosom; nor, in fact, whether there were three shoulders or vice versa. Lady Valléfort, by Ross; the boy's head and hair of the coarsest character,—so far out of keeping, for the poem styles him a "gentle boy," as it calls his sweet mother, oddly enough, a "lovely bride." Lady Powerscourt's left arm, by the same, is as bird-like as lady-like. Mrs. Verschoyle, by Chalon, with an almost invisible left arm, and Miss Cockayne (the same artist), with her right hand sorely maimed, are the last we shall notice in this category. The others are so much better as to prove that what we have reprehended are the faults of sheer negligence or mannerism; and, therefore, deserve to be specified, for the benefit of the public now and the artists in future.

*Excursions in the Mountains of Ronda and Granada, with Characteristic Sketches of the Inhabitants of the South of Spain.* By Captain C. R. Scott, author of "Travels in Egypt and Candia." 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Colburn.

CAPTAIN SCOTT is a lively sketcher and generally entertains, though he may not always furnish us with much novel information. We should, accordingly, say that these volumes are rather too bulky for the intelligence they convey. Light reading ought to be light, and give the reader no cause to exclaim "Oh, heavy lightness!" as we have occasionally been tempted to do, in going through this whole solid mass of nearly nine hundred honest pages. Still there is a great variety of pleasant and instructive matter also in the author's narrative; and we must be understood as speaking comparatively, time *versus* substance, when we complain that there is a little of the extension of book-making in the publication. The nature of the work is thus set forth:—

"I ought here to give notice, that it is not my intention in the following pages to conduct my reader, town by town, kingdom by kingdom, through every part of Andalusia; giving him a detailed account of its statistics, productions, resources, &c.; in fact, spreading before him a regular three-course banquet of travels; but rather to present him with a light and simple dish of the country, seasoning it with such tales and anecdotes as were picked up in the course of many excursions, made during a period of many years; a *Gazpacho*, as it may be called, whereof the country furnishes the principal part, or bread and water; and to which the tales—so, at least, I hope it may be found—give the *gusto* imparted to this favourite Andalusian dish by the addition of oil, vinegar, and pepper. I may as well premise, also, that I do not intend to mark with precise date the time at which any of the incidents about to be narrated occurred, excepting when the correctness due to matters of history renders such specification necessary, but to transcribe the notes of my various rambles as they come most conveniently to hand; stating generally, however, that they were written during the period comprised between the years 1822 and 1830 (the greater portion of which I belonged to the garrison of

Gibraltar), and have been 'revised and corrected, with additions and improvements,' from the journal of an extended tour made several years subsequently."

Excursions of this kind, it may be conceived, could add no great deal to our previous knowledge of the country and people, and therefore it is that we complain, since there could be little, if any, real importance to communicate, that so much should be bestowed upon matters of inferior interest. We will, however, as usual, illustrate what there is. At Ronda they are very fond of bull-fights, and Capt. Scott's description of the way in which the animals are brought to the combat is new to us.

"The bull-fights of Ronda are amongst the best of Spain; the animals being selected from the most pugnacious breeds of Utrera and Tarifa; the *picadores* from the most expert horsemen of Xeres and Cordoba; the *matadores* from the most skilful operators of Cadiz and Seville; and the whole arrangement of the sports being under the superintendence of the royal *maestranza*. During the fair there are usually three *corridos*, at each of which eight bulls are slaughtered."

But "the most amusing part of the sport afforded by the bulls is the driving them into the town. This is done at night, and the following is the method adopted. The animals, having been conducted from their native pastures to the vale of Ronda, are left to graze upon the sides of the mountains, until the night preceding the first day's *corrida*; when a number of persons—of whom a large proportion are amateurs—proceed from the city, armed with long lances, to drive them into their destined slaughterhouse. The weapons, however, are more for show than use; since the savage animals are decoyed, rather than goaded, into the snare prepared for them. To effect this, some tame animals are intermixed with the new-comers on their first arrival; and these, trained by human devices in all the ways of deceit, lead them off to slake their thirst at the purest rill, and point out to them the tenderest pasture wherewith to satisfy their hunger. The unsuspecting strangers, trusting to the *pundonor* of their new friends, abandon themselves to a Capuan enjoyment of the delights of this fertile region, and perceive not the host of human foes that, under shelter of the night, are stealthily encircling them. The investment completed, a horseman rides forward to attract the attention of their treacherous brethren, who trot off after him, followed by the whole herd. The rest of the horsemen now close upon their rear, urging the bulls forward with loud shouts and blazing torches; and, following close upon the heels of their leader, the wonder-struck animals enter the town at a brisk pace and in compact order. The cross-streets having been strongly barricaded, the *avant courier* of the *calabazada* proceeds straight to the court-yard attached to the amphitheatre, the entrance to which alone has been left open, and forthwith ensconces himself in a stable. The savage brutes, bewildered by the strangeness of the scene, the blaze of lights, and din of voices, make no attempts either at escape or resistance, but, blindly following his track, enter the court-yard, the gate of which is immediately closed upon them. A number of doors are now thrown open, which communicate with a large apartment boarded off into narrow stalls. Into these but one bull at a time can enter; and each of the decoy animals, selecting a separate entrance, is quickly followed by two or three of the strangers. The tame animal is permitted to pass through the

narrow passage and escape at the other end; but the unhappy victims of his toils, in attempting to follow his footsteps, find their progress impeded by stout bars let down from above, and are thus finally and securely installed. Under this unpleasant restraint they continue until their services are required in the arena; and during this brief period they are open to the inspection of the curious, who can examine them at their ease from the apartment above, the planking of the floor being left open for the express purpose. When the hour of the bull is come, the front bar of his prison is withdrawn, a goad from above urges him forward, and, rushing from his dark cell into the broad daylight, the astonished animal finds himself at once in the arena and within a few paces of a *picador's* lance, couched ready to receive his attack. Some rush upon their enemy without a moment's hesitation; but I have not unfrequently seen a valiant bull overthrow the four *picadores* placed at intervals round the circus, in less than that number of minutes. But, in general, the animal pauses ere making his first onset—looks round with amazement at the assembled multitude—paws up the dusty surface of the arena—appears bewildered at the novelty of the sight and by the din of voices,—and is undecided where to make the first attack. At length, his eye rests on the nearest *picador*, and it is seldom withdrawn until he has made his charge. He rushes on his enemy with his head erect, lowering it only when arrived within a few paces. The *picador* gives point to receive him on the fleshy part of the neck above the right shoulder; and, if his horse be steady, he generally succeeds in turning the bull off. But should the bull, regardless of his wound, return immediately to the attack, the man has not time to resume his defensive position, and his only safety is in ignominious flight. If his steed be quick in answering the spur, he is soon removed from danger; but, if otherwise, nine times in ten, both horse and rider are laid prostrate. Whilst in confinement, the bulls are decorated with the colours of their respective breeders (a bunch of riband attached to a dart, which is forced into the animal's shoulder); and such as appear tame, and hold out small promise of sport, are often 'ingeniously tormented' previously to being turned into the arena. I have heard also that it is not unusual, when the circus is small, and the *toreadores* are not very expert, to weaken the animal's powers by letting a weight fall upon his back, so as to injure the spine; but this refinement of cruelty is certainly not practised at Ronda."

From these "most amusing" pastimes, we shall transport ourselves at once to Malaga, without minding the author's roads, landscapes, or other observations.

"The manufactory of Malaga employs 700 persons (women and children) in making cigars. A good pair of hands at the work may furnish three hundred a-day; but (as the children cannot make half that number), taking the average at two hundred, gives a daily supply of 140,000. The manufactory of Seville employs 1000 men and 1600 women. These 2600 persons may be calculated as furnishing, on an average, 250 each per diem; or, altogether, 650,000. Add to this number the 140,000 made at Malaga, and we have 790,000 as the 'total of the whole' manufactured daily in Spain."

"The persons employed in the manufacture of cigars are paid at the rate of one real vellon for fifty, which enables even a first-rate maker to earn but fifteen pence a-day. The best cigars are made entirely of Habana tobacco, and

are sold at the factory at the rate of thirty reales vellon a hundred, or about three farthings English each. The second quality, composed of mixed tobaccos (that is, the interior of Habana leaf, and the outside of Virginia), cost eighteen reales vellon per hundred, or something under a halfpenny each. It may be seen, from this statement of the cost of cigars of the royal manufactory, that smuggling cannot but prosper; since, at the Habana, the very best cigars are sold for twelve dollars a thousand (or a trifle above a halfpenny each), whilst those of inferior quality may be had for one-fourth that price."

Our London cigar shops, even when they sell the genuine article, must have a *pretty* profit; no wonder they increase and multiply, and that divans and other abominations almost contest the town with gin palaces. But to return to Malaga:—

"One of the most interesting sights of Malaga is the studio of Señor Leon, the most renowned of the numerous modellers in clay, for which the city is celebrated. His figures are admirably executed, as well as strikingly characteristic; and, from first to last, are the work of himself and family. His sons form them by hand of a very ductile clay; he goes over such parts as require the finish of an experienced artist; and they are then passed over to his daughters, who give them life by their exquisite taste and skilful management of the pencil. The price is high; the most simple figures costing four dollars (about seventeen shillings) each. A group of nine equestrian figures that Señor Leon had just executed for the Infante Don Francisco de Paula, when I last visited Malaga, he valued at nine thousand reales vellon, or ninety-four pounds."

"Upwards of 18,000 butts of wine—sweet and dry—are annually shipped from Malaga, of which the chief part is taken by the Americans; but a vast quantity of the latter, under the name of malaga sherry, finds its way also into the cellars of 'the trade' in England; whence, after undergoing a simple metonymical process, it flows down the public throat under its new name of 'old brown,' or perchance, 'curiously old dry sherry.'"

Of Granada we shall select but a few lines:—

"Towards the centre of the city is a bazar, constructed, not like our London toy-fairs so called, but on the Oriental plan, each little gloomy stall being boarded off from the rest. The goods, also, as in the East, are offered for sale by smoking men, instead of being, as with us, handed to you by smiling houriess. The modern merchants, however, enter their shops by a door, instead of clambering over the counter; and they occupy chairs instead of sitting in the cross-legged fashion of the founders of this remnant of Mohammedanism. At a certain hour in the evening the bazar is closed, and given over to the care of three or four large dogs, which, shut into the building for the night, will not suffer any one to enter but him whose office it is to feed them, and to unlock the gates."

This passage affords a fair specimen of the writer's off-hand dashing style, which leaves an uncertainty upon the mind how much is actual and to be believed, and how much is ornamental sort of figure of *speech-iness*, not intended to be taken to the letter. Thus, we should not know where to look for the "smiling houriess" mentioned in this military manner. The same remarks apply to the following, as our Italics will indicate.

"Murillo was certainly a perfect master of his art. His style is peculiar, and in his early

productions there is a coldness and formality that partake of the school of Velasquez; but the works of his maturer age are distinguished by a boldness of outline, a gracefulness of grouping, and a depth and softness of colouring, which entitle him to rank with *Rubens* and *Correggio*. The paintings of Murillo, though met with in all the best collections of Europe, where they take their place amongst the works of the first masters, are, nevertheless, valued by foreigners rather on account of their rarity than of their execution. The fact is, those of his paintings which have left Spain are nearly all devoted to the same subject—the *Madonna and Child*; and, even in that, offer but little variety either in the disposition, or in the colouring of the figures. The Spanish artist is, consequently, accused of want of genius and self-plagiarism. Nor does Murillo receive due credit for the pains he took in finishing his paintings; for, amongst those of his works which have found their way into foreign collections, there are few which have not received more or less damage, either in the transport from Spain, or by subsequent neglect; and, in many instances, the attempts made to restore them by cleaning or retouching have inflicted a yet more severe injury upon them. Those persons only, therefore, who have visited Spain, and, above all, Murillo's native city—Seville—can fully appreciate the merits of that wonderful artist. The vast number of masterpieces which he has there left behind him, and the variety of subjects they embrace, sufficiently prove, however, that, whilst in versatility of talent he has been equalled by few, in point of industry he almost stands without a rival. Besides the twenty-five paintings in the Capuchin convent, already noticed, the *Hôpital de la Caridad* contains several of Murillo's masterpieces; two, in particular, are deserving of notice—the subjects are, the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and Moses striking the rock. The great size of these two paintings saved them from a journey to Paris, but the French, in their zeal for the encouragement of the fine arts, stripped the chapel of all the other works of Murillo that enriched it—only a few of which were restored at the peace of 1815. Other paintings of the Spanish *Rafael* are to be found in the various churches of Seville, and every private collector (of whom the city contains many) prides himself on being the possessor of at least one original of his illustrious fellow-citizen."

The wine trade at Xeres is a more interesting topic than that at Malaga, and as many of our readers drink sherry, when they can get it, which is not often the case (*stat nomen*), we shall extract an account of it.

"The store-houses are all above ground. They are immense buildings, having lofty roofs supported on arches, springing from rows of slender columns; and their walls are pierced with numerous windows, to admit of a thorough circulation of air. Some are so large as to be capable of containing 4000 butts, and are cool, even in the most sultry weather. The exhalations are, nevertheless, rather overcoming, even unaided by the numerous samples, of which one is tempted to make trial. The number of butts annually made, or, more correctly speaking, collected, at Xeres, amounts to 30,000. Of this number, one half is exported to England, and includes the produce of nearly all the choicest vineyards of Xeres; for, in selecting their wines for shipment, the Xeres houses carefully avoid mixing their first-growth wines with those of lighter quality, collected from the vineyards of Moguer, San Lucar, and Puerto Real; or even with such as are produced on their own inferior

grounds. The remaining 15,000 butts are in part consumed in the country; where a light wine, having what is called a *manzanilla* (camosile) flavour, is preferred—or sold to the shippers from other places, where they are generally mixed with inferior wines. The total number of butts shipped, annually, from the different ports round the bay of Cadiz, may be taken at the following average—

From Xeres.....	15,000	almost all to England.
.. Puerto Santa Maria	12,000	chiefly to England and the United States.
.. Chiclana .....	3,000	principally to the Havana, the ports of Mexico and Buenos Ayres.
.. Puerto Real .....	500	

Total 30,500.

"But, beside the above, a prodigious quantity of wine finds its way to England from Moguer and San Lucar, which one never hears of but under the common denomination of sherry. Most of the principal merchants are growers, as well as vendors of wine; which, with foreign houses, renders it necessary that one partner of the firm, at least, should be a Roman Catholic; for 'heretics' cannot hold lands in Spain. Those who are growers have a decided advantage over such as merely make up wines; for the latter are liable to have the produce of the inferior vineyards of San Lucar, Moguer, and other places, mixed up by the grower of whom they purchase. All sherries, however, are manufactured; for, it would be almost as difficult to get an unmixed butt of wine from a Xeres merchant, as a direct answer from a quaker. But there is no concealment in this mixing process; and it is even quite necessary, in order to keep up the stock of old wines, which, otherwise, would soon be consumed. These are kept in huge casks—not much inferior in size to the great ton of Heidelberg—called '*madre*' (mother) butts; and some of these old ladies contain wine that is 120 years of age. It must, however, be confessed, that the plan adopted in keeping them up, partakes somewhat of the nature of '*une imposture délicate*;' since, whenever a gallon of wine is taken from the 120 year old butt, it is replaced by a like quantity from the next in seniority, and so on with the rest; so that even the very oldest wines in the store are daily undergoing a mixing process. It is thus perfectly idle, when a customer writes for a 'ten-year old' butt of sherry, to expect to receive a wine which was grown that number of years previously. He will get a most excellent wine, however, which will, probably, be prepared for him in the following manner:—Three-fourths of the butt will consist of a three or four year old wine, to which a few gallons of *Pajarete*, or *Amontillado*, will be added, to give the particular flavour or colour required; and the remainder will be made up of various proportions of old wines, of different vintages; a dash of brandy being added to preserve it from sea-sickness during the voyage. To calculate the age of this mixture appears, at first sight, to involve a laborious arithmetical operation. But it is very simply done, by striking an average in the following manner:—The *fond*, we will suppose, is a four-years' old wine, with which figure we must, therefore, commence our calculations. To flavour and give age to this foundation, the hundred and twenty years' old '*madre*' is made to contribute a gallon, which, being about the hundredth part of the proposed butt, diffuses a year's maturity into the composition. The centigenerian stock-butt next furnishes a quantity, which, in the same way, adds another year to its age. The next in seniority supplies a proportion equivalent to a space of two years; and a fourth adds a similar

period to its existence. So that, without going further, we have  $4 + 1 + 1 + 2 + 2 = 10$ , as clear as the sun at noon-day, or a demonstration in Euclid. This may appear very like 'bishopping,' or putting marks in a horse's mouth to conceal his real age. But the intention, in the case of the wine, is by no means fraudulent, but simply to distribute more equally the good things of this life, by furnishing the public with an excellent composition, which is within the reach of many; for, if this were not done, the consequence would be that the Xeres merchant would have a small quantity of wine in his stores, which, from its extreme age, would be so valuable, that few persons would be found to purchase it, and a large stock of inferior wines, which would be driven out of the market by the produce of other countries. The quality of the wine depends, therefore, upon the quantity and age of the various *madre* butts from which it has been flavoured; and the taste is varied from dry to sweet, and the colour from pale to brown, by the greater or less admixture of *Pajarete*, *Amontillado*, and boiled sherry. I do not think that the custom of adding boiled wine obtains generally, for it is a very expensive method of giving age. It is, however, a very effectual mode, and one that is considered equivalent to a voyage across the Atlantic, at the very least. I have heard of an extensive manufacturer (not of wine) in our own country, who had remarked upon this plan of giving premature old age to his wines. He called one of the steam-engines of his factory *Bencoolen*, and another *Mobile*; and, slinging his butts of sherry and Madeira to the great levers of the machinery, gave them the benefit of a ship's motion, as well as a tropical temperature, without their quitting his premises; and, after a certain number of weeks' oscillation, he passed them off as 'East and West India particular.' The sweet wines of Xeres are, perhaps, the finest in the world. That known as *Pajarete* is the most abundantly made, but the *Pedro Ximenes* is of superior flavour. There is also a sweet wine flavoured with cherries, which is very delicious. The light dry sherries are also very pleasant in their pure state, but they require to be mixed with brandy and other wines, to keep long, or to ship for the foreign market. Those, therefore, who purchase cheap sherry in England may be assured that it has become a light wine since its departure from Spain. The number of wine-houses at Xeres is quite extraordinary. Of these, as many, I think, as five and twenty export almost exclusively to England. The merchants are extremely hospitable; they live in very good style, and are particularly choice of the wines that appear at their tables."

We shall only further observe that Roman, Moorish, and other antiquities, attract a fair share of the author's notice; and conclude with no bad anecdote of priestly talent. At Casares, our captain and his companions were boarded and lodged by the *cura*, and, during their stay, we hear:—

"At our evening meal our host, as on the former occasion, walked book-in-hand up and down the room, but was evidently less watchful of his pretty niece and silver spoons. His attention, indeed, appeared to be entirely given to the state of the mercury in an old barometer, which, appended to the wall at the further end of the room, he consulted at every turn, putting divers weatherwise questions to us as he did so. And, at last, he asked in plain language, whether our church ever put up prayers for rain, and if they ever brought it? The occasion of all this pumping we found to be that the coun-



try in the neighbourhood having long been suffering from drought, the husbandmen, apprehensive of the consequences, had, for some days past, been urging him to pray for rain; but the state of the barometer had not hitherto, he said, warranted his doing so, and he had, therefore, put them off, on various pretences. 'Yesterday, however,' he observed, 'seeing that the mercury was falling, I gave notice that I should make intercession for them; and, I think, judging from present appearances, that my prayers are likely to be as effectual as those of any bishop could possibly be.' And off he started to church, giving us, at parting, a very significant, though somewhat heterodoxical grin. Nevertheless, not a drop of rain fell that night; the barometer was at fault; and the only cloud visible in the morning were those gathered on the brow of the *cuma*. They dispersed, however, like mist under the sun's rays; when, bidding him farewell, and thanking him for his hospitable entertainment, we slipped a *doublon de á ocho* into his hand; which, pocketing without the slightest hesitation, he assured us, with imperturbable gravity, should be applied to the services of the church—'as, doubtless, we intended.' "

Mr. Baillie Fraser's *Tatar Journey*.

[Third notice.]

FROM Mushed Mr. Fraser in vain endeavoured to penetrate, with safety, among the *Torkomans* on the *Attock*; but, on his return, traversed some striking country and encountered strange specimens of its inhabitants. On leaving Mushed, he says:—

"The only thing remarkable in this day's march, was the multitude of grasshoppers that abounded everywhere—they were like the sand of the desert, numerous as the locusts; yet locusts they were not, although the peasants declared that they did considerable injury to the crop. The horses, at every step, knocked up thousands of all sizes and hues, and some which, when at rest, looked like pieces of brown stick, when roused, expanded wings of the loveliest colours, particularly a beautiful pink. The whole plain was alive with them, and with butterflies and dragonflies of the most gorgeous tints; and what with them and the numerous flowers that were springing among the corn and the herbage, there was enough to amuse the eye, though the other senses might be oppressed with heat."

Nearer the Caspian, where the traveller was going over some of his old grounds, he paints a most terrible plague of insects.

"The glen now opened out, and the path lay along the level ground on the river bank, sometimes among thick jungle, at others among fine old open wood and glades of pasture, and over smooth turf. But little did we know what a plague was lying in wait for us in this easy and pleasant-looking road. Last night a muleteer, on his way to *Balfroosh*, advised us to get out of the jungle, if possible, before the sun should be up, as we should otherwise be terribly annoyed with flies; but little, as I said, did we dream of the reality. No sooner had the sun burst forth, than, with the very first of his rays, there rushed from the recesses of the jungle such myriads of flies as could be likened to nothing but one of the plagues of Egypt. Flies, said I, winged imps rather, of the size of wasps or garden bees, and which, coming with infinite fury, settled on every part of horse and man, and wherever they struck their fangs the blood spirted out as from a lancet wound. But the numbers! the largest swarm of bees you ever saw did not equal the

cloud which enveloped every one of us; head, neck, breast, belly, and hind-quarters of each horse were blackened in a moment—the very air was darkened. They entered the eyes, and ears, and mouths of the riders, crept into every crevice, and under every garment, in a way equally wonderful and distracting. It was no marvel that the poor animals were absolutely maddened—the horses kicked, and reared, and flung in a way which made it difficult to keep one's seat, while the mules could not be restrained, and rushed frantically into the bushes, to the utter discomfiture of their loads, in their efforts to dislodge the enemy. Nothing remained for it but flight, that was obvious. The way was now plain; I called aloud for every one to do the best he could for himself, and make for *Amol*; then giving my own horse the head, I went on as fast as he chose, which was fast enough, poor beast, while he bit, and tossed, and kicked like a devil all the way, to get rid of his tormentors. Seizing a towel which happened to be by me, I kept buffeting him and myself alternately on all sides, killing and striking off thousands, only to be replaced by other thousands; and thus we scoured along blindly almost through bush and brake, and stream and bog, for nearly three hours. My towel was actually steeped in blood, and my poor gray *gougiercheen*, the dove I was all, breast, flanks, and belly, in gore. As we left the heavy jungle, however, our enemies gradually quitted us; and the last two hours or ten miles of our ride were performed in comparative quiet. About ten A.M. I entered *Amol*, attended by one servant; the rest did not make their appearance for more than an hour after. The mules had run wild into the bushes, and the servants themselves, blinded and distracted by the swarms of devils, could scarcely reclaim or reload them. Had we got through this space before sunrise, or even had the vile yaboo not caused us so much delay, we should have escaped this infliction, for these fiends of flies during the hours of darkness do not come forth."

For some space Mr. F. accompanied the Persian army in which a European adventurer, B—, held a very conspicuous place, and the notices of their doings are striking and singular.

"I only wish (he observes) I could describe it all without being tedious, but that could only be done by the pencil; for so much depends on the costume and character, that to convey an idea of the scenes constantly passing before our eyes as we sit in the open tent, would be impossible. Nor are the sounds that every now and then break upon the ear less curious and interesting. On the very first evening I started from my seat at hearing the drums and fifes, and a sort of regimental band playing English marches and Scotch tunes in the middle of the camp—think of my sensations on recognising 'Cease, rnde Boreas,' the Scotch trumpet tune, and several reels and quick steps played by Persian fifiers in the middle of the valley of *Deregez*, within sight of the great *Torkoman Desert*, and being awakened every morning by the *réveilles* of the cavalry bugles! The next thing that attracted me was a prodigious clapping of hands and shouting, which commenced just about dark, and continued for many minutes with a measured cadence. This, I was told, was a charm uttered by the whole camp against the bite of venomous insects, and especially of an enormous spider, of whom more anon. All day the camp resounded with the grinding and beating of corn, which thus, mostly thrashed out by hand and roasted, formed a large portion of the soldiers' food.

But the most hideous and annoying noise of all arose from the asses, which swarmed in the camp—true four-footed asses, I mean, which, tied by threes and fours together in every quarter, kept up a most inconceivable braying. It came periodically, that is, every quarter of an hour, some abominable brute set up his throat, and was instantly joined by his neighbours; this awakened the next group, and so it went on throughout the whole; and no sooner did the distant sound give promise of a truce, than up got some friend close by, fresh and clear as if he had not uttered one bray that day, and then was sounding his trumpet for dear life. I never suffered a more diabolical vocal persecution. Then we had the insects, hideous and fearful of aspect—countless in multitudes, to contend with; flies of every sort and size, slaters of extraordinary plumpness, beetles as large as humming-birds, ants and spiders in myriads, with clouds of grasshoppers, assailed us in every possible way. Attracted by the lights at night, they entered the open tents, jumping into our sherbet and pillaws at dinner, drowning themselves in our tea, and entering our very mouths as we opened them to drink it. They crawled all over us in thousands, and made their abode in our garments. But worst of all was that enormous spider to which I alluded just now, and which, in Persian, is called the *rootel*, or *shutoorzen* (camel-stinger), and by the learned, I believe, the *phalangium*. Some of these are yellow, some black, and of an immense size—perhaps, including legs, not less than five inches of spread, and, the latter particularly, hirsute and hideous of aspect. Now as the carpets of the tent are spread on the bare ground, there is no manner of preventing the ingress and egress of these monsters; and we were frequently more surprised than pleased by the sudden approach of a formidable *rootel* galloping in upon us, or perhaps over us. One morning I had just dressed myself, and was putting on my boots preparatory to riding out, when I became aware of a strange scratching within my wide Persian trousers. I gave a convulsive stamp or two with my foot, when down fell a thumping fellow who had unceremoniously crawled into that forbidden region. You know my abhorrence of the whole race of spiders, and can conceive the shudder with which I viewed the intruder, whom I valiantly severed in two with my sword, the only weapon within reach, as he was making off at speed. You shall see his picture, which was taken on the spot immediately after his execution. But I had not done with spiders for that day, for while seated at dinner I felt something like a crab scrambling up my neck, and, on putting up my hand, pulled down another of these amiable reptiles, which fell upon the cloth before me;—him I finished with my knife. The most absurd affair with these creatures, however, occurred on the next evening, when B—, a Persian colonel, the *Meerza*, and I, were seated on the carpet at dinner. The *Meerza*, happening to look round, caught sight of such a monster entering the tent, that up he started, incontinently, with a cry of horror; up shot the colonel in no less haste, and I was not slow in following. B—, unable from illness to move, alone kept his ground; but all stood for a moment aghast, as the monster, like a mounted dragoon, charged right in amongst us, galloped over the cloth, scaled the mountain of pillow which smoked in the centre; and then suspecting, from the bustle, perhaps, that his presence might be unwelcome, made for the opposite side, where he was lost in the darkness: for although every one grappled at some-

thing wherewith to slay him, and sundry blows were aimed at this person, he seemed to bear a charmed life; and as to treading such a giant under foot with his slipperless soles, we might as well have thought of crushing a huge lobster. The worst of the matter is, that the sting, or rather bite, of these huge insects, is said to be very dangerous; the Persians affirm that it sometimes is mortal, and they fear them exceedingly. It is obvious, however, that the animal seldom makes use of this dangerous power, as otherwise, considering their numbers, accidents would needs be very frequent indeed, which is far from being the case."

The performances of the Persian horses in their military movements, are almost incredible. Mr. F. tells us:—

"The whole of Northern Khorasan, especially the districts we were now traversing, used of old, and in the days of Nadir particularly, to be famous for its breed of horses; here were the celebrated horses of Meer Goonah Khan of Chinnaran, and the Koor Ogloo, the Sheer, the Bee-izzâd, the Kem-Yâl, the Chupraslie, the Akhâl, and many other breeds, of which, though the most of them are now extinct, and have given way to others, the feats and general excellence are still the theme of every tongue. The original Toorkoman and Khorasaneer breeds were greatly improved by Nadir by a large admixture of Arab blood, which increased their powers of endurance as well as their beauty.

"I am tempted to mention to you one feat of an Arab horse, the property of a person who has more than once been mentioned by me in these letters, Aga Bahram, and which has not, so far as I know, been ever doubted. This animal came from Shirauz to Tehrán, five hundred and twenty miles, in six days; remained there three days, went back in five; remained at Sheeraz nine, and returned again to Tehrán in seven days. This same gentleman told me that he had once rode another horse of his own from Tehrán to Koom, twenty-four fursuks or about eighty-four miles, between the dawn of a morning near the vernal equinox, and two hours before sunset, that is, in about ten hours: this, too, is good going; but Aga Bahram had always the best horses in Persia."

The following refers to a curious superstition:—

"I was amused this evening with a trait of Persian superstition. The place of our bivouac was shaded by a number of fine trees, and particularly walnut-trees: when it grew dark I got my carpet and coverlet laid under one of the latter, which had sheltered me all the afternoon, and was preparing to lay myself to rest, when Mahomed Baukher Beg besought me to remove. 'No man in his senses,' said he, 'sleeps under a walnut-tree,—it is certain death.' 'How so?' inquired I. 'Why, he is sure to be smitten by the Gins,' replied he. 'By the Gins!' repeated I; 'and here have we been sitting for hours under this very tree without harm—how comes that?' 'Ah! you were awake,' said he, 'and the waking eye of man scares away all evil spirits—they dare not approach it; but the moment it closes in sleep, they take their revenge, and the man they catch under a walnut-tree asleep, will never leave it in health; if he be not crushed on the spot, he will be smitten with some severe malady which will put an end to him in a few days.' I laughed, and reminded him I had been sleeping under the dangerous tree during the afternoon; but the poor man was so earnest, that, knowing how superstitious these tribes are, I

did not like to offend their prejudices, as, had any thing unfortunate occurred during the march, it would assuredly have been attributed to my obstinacy; so I left my comfortable berth for a more open spot, where I passed the night. In preparing this, the guide was particularly active; he removed my slippers, which had been deposited near my pillow, to a place near the foot of my bed-clothes, telling me it was unlucky to have the foot-gear placed near the head, and disposing of my arms in what he considered to be the best and readiest manner in case of need, he took his leave and retired. I found that this notion about the danger of sleeping under a walnut-tree is common in Persia. There is a story of some sage having once declared to a certain king, that whoever should eat barley bread with *mâs* (sour milk) of a cow, and having so eaten, should sleep under a walnut-tree, would certainly be Ginstuck. That a fakier offered to try the experiment, and did so without suffering any evil consequences. On this, the king taunted the sage as a false prophet, and said that he by rights should be the victim instead. 'Well,' replied the sheikh, or sage, 'if your majesty will consent to let the experiment, as proposed by me, be tried by the prince, your eldest-born son, and heir to your throne, I am content to lose my head should he escape; but if any accident befall him, let it be remembered that I am free from all blame.' The king, it is said, agreed, the prince complied, and next morning was found dead: since when, the charm has been thoroughly credited, and no one in Persia sleeps under a walnut-tree."

We are still obliged to defer our conclusion.

#### Vaughan's Protectorate of Cromwell.

[Second and concluding notice.]

WE will now copy (as the vulgar say, promiscuously) a few of the striking notices with which these volumes are interspersed.

*The Dying Benediction of Cromwell's Mother* (the daughter of William Seward, Esq. of Ely) who died in 1654, aged 94; and "a little before her death, gave my lord her blessing in these words:—'The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of your most high God, and to be a relief unto his people; my dear son, I leave my heart with thee; a good night.'"

*Qualifications of Parliament Men and Protectors* (by Thurloe, December 1654).—"The parliament still proceeds on upon the government, and this week hath been spent upon that part of it which concerns the calling of parliaments, wherein they have in most things followed the articles as they were before in the government, only they have been more particular of the qualifications of those who are to be chosen. Whereas the government doth make those that hath served the king incapable for nine years, they have now disabled them for ever. They have likewise voted that no drunkard, adulterer, swearer, common profaner of the Sabbath, drinker of healths, nor otherwise profane, shall be capable of being elected. They have also excluded public preachers, all persons that deny the ordinances of the sacrament and the Lord's supper, blasphemers, and some others of that sort. They have likewise voted some qualifications over to successive protectors, which shall be chosen; as yet he shall be a man of courage, fearing God and hating covetousness, and have, by name, excluded all the children of the late king from ever being chosen protectors, or other chief magistrates of this nation."

*Religious Enthusiasts.*—"Mr. Pell to Secretary Thurloe:—

"March 17 or 18, 1655.

"Sir,—In yours of Feb. 23, I find an account of the reasons of the commitment of those stiff men, Ha., Ca., Ri., Co.;\* but where shall I find the reasons why their securing displeaseth some that would be thought wise; or where will those that are displeased find a country where a mere imprisonment would be thought a sufficient punishment for men of such behaviour and principles, especially leading and eminent men? For I am apt to believe that many of their followers know not what they do, and perceive not what monstrous inconveniences will arise out of such maxims. And, therefore, I hope that, if they were drawn out of England into colonies, the business of plantation would put them upon better employment, and take away their inclinations to mutiny and seditious. Men variously impoverished by the long troubles, full of discontent, and tired by long expectation of amendment, must needs have great propensities to hearken to those that proclaim times of refreshing—a golden age—at hand, &c. Nor is it a wonder that some should willingly listen to those that publish such glad tidings, under the name of the kingdom of Christ and of the saints; especially when so many prophecies are cited and applied to these times. Some have heard that the end of Paganism is placed in the year 395, and that then there was not one heathen temple left standing in the Roman empire, will easily be induced to believe that the famous number, 1260, ought to be added to it; and then this year, 1655, must needs be pointed out for an apocalyptic epocha. Others pitch upon the year 1656, because, having summed up the lives of the patriarchs in the fifth chapter of Genesis, they find 1656 years from the creation to the flood, and thence infer, that the coming of Christ will be the next year,† because it must be as in the days of Noah. Others will wait three or four years more, hoping that the 1260 years must be reckoned from the death of Theodosius, and the division of the Roman empire between his sons. Nor need we wonder, if we find some confident that eleven years hence we shall see the fatal change, because of the number 666. So that for some years to come we must look to have some quiet spirits make use of these expectations of many well-meaning men, till time shew them such changes in the world as they never imagined; and those brought to pass by instruments better fitted to serve God's providence than the hypocritical or fanatical spirits which of late have been so busy and troublesome. In the meantime, all those who have not been carried away by the same stream of extravagancy shall do well by their prayers, examples, and other endeavours, to cool the distempers of their seduced brethren, and to render themselves serviceable to those that sit at the stern in such tempestuous weather, which I desire may be the constant resolution of, sir, your most humble servant."

Among historical notices we find the following of a new version of the Gunpowder Plot:—

"Secretary Thurloe to Mr. Pell.

"Whitehall, 15-25 Jan., 1656-7.

"Sir,—I have received yours of the 4th-14th December, and have nothing of consequence to trouble you with at present, save only in reference to our seasonable and happy discovery

\* Harrison, Carew, Rich, and Courtenay.

† "To 325 (the Council of Nice was in) add 1332, that is, twice 666, the sum will be 1657."—Note in the original."



of a late bloody design to murder my Lord Protector. The persons who were to have put it in execution were employed and set on work by the Spaniard and Charles Stuart; and were, indeed, men rightly qualified for so hellish an enterprise, being exceedingly bloody-minded, resolute, and desperate. Part of this business was to have fired Whitehall; and the truth is, it was come to such a maturity and ripeness, that the firework was placed in the chapel, and at work, before it came to be discovered, which was on Thursday night last, about eight or nine of the clock. And (as near as can be guessed) by the length of the matches which were then burning, it was to have taken fire about midnight. The parties who did this are apprehended, and confess very much more."

The offer of the crown to Cromwell is frequently mentioned. Mr. Morland writes to Mr. Pell, March 5-15, 1656-7:—

"There has been lately a bill presented in parliament by Sir Christopher Pack, an alderman, for the re-establishing a kingly government, the scanning whereof takes up all their time, and causes many serious debates (I was about to have written hot debates, by some particulars). They have, nevertheless, as I hear, passed several articles or heads thereof. They leave the article wherein his highness is desired to assume the titles, dignity, &c. of king till the last. A little time may produce great matters, and then you shall have them more at large from, right honourable, your honour's most humble and faithful servant,

"S. MORLAND."

Four days later, he writes:—

"The pope's two letters are translated, and the French ambassador's also, and shall be presented to M. A. Peters; but the plain truth is, he is hardly at leisure either to read or think of any thing else but the great business of kingly government, which the parliament has already very far advanced. These last two days, they have been upon the matter of religion. The soldiers remain very faithful to his highness, and have declared to live and die with him. Here is nothing else of news that I can think of at present. Mr. Meadows, who was sent to Portugal, is now going agent to the King of Denmark very suddenly; but, it may be, he will stay till his highness be proclaimed king, if he be at all; which is something uncertain as yet, but very probable."

In April:—"On Tuesday last, a certain number of select persons of the parliament had a solemn meeting and audience of his highness, in Whitehall, in the banquetting-room; where Mr. Speaker, in the name of all the rest, propounded unto him a new model of a kingly government, and to his own person the title and dignity of king. To which his highness made answer, that, as it was a serious affair, so he required some time to give them a categorical answer, which, notwithstanding, should be as soon as might be. Opinions are very various, whether he will accept it or no; but that a little time will shew. This is all the news here; indeed, there is nothing else done and talked of here."

Again:—

"Whitehall, April 9-19, 1657.

"Right Honourable,—I have but this moment to assure you of the receipt of yours of the 19-29th March, with the enclosed, which are delivered. Not many days ago, his highness denied the crown, after the parliament made a vote of adherence to their former resolution, and thereupon sent a committee, yesterday, to his highness, to whom, in the banquetting-house, his highness made a speech so

dark that none knows whether he will accept it or no; but some think he will accept it. The Lord knows the issue of these things! The parliament are, I think, providing reasons to persuade him."

And again, April 16:—"My lord has not yet accepted the crown, but gives dubious answers, so that we know nothing as yet. I beseech the Lord to bless him; if ever man deserved a crown, I think he does."

April 23:—"His highness has not yet given his positive answer, but will do now suddenly; they have had, indeed, many meetings of late."

April 30th:—"His highness lately propounded his difficulties to parliament, who have considered them, and will suddenly bring his highness their reflections thereupon; and then it is thought he will be obliged to give his final answer."

And finally, after more than two months' shilly-shallying, to ascertain how the bows ran, May 21:—"My Lord Protector has absolutely refused the crown; the parliament has thereupon, with much ado, acquiesced and voted to accommodate all other articles to the title of Protector."

The account of the famous battle of Santa Cruz, in which Blake first attacked a fleet in harbour, seems to us to be well deserving of popular circulation.

"On Monday (says the narrative), the 20th of April, 1657, we were, by break of day, fair in the offing of Santa Cruz; and as soon as it was light, perceived, by a signal from one of our frigates ahead, that the West India fleet were in the bay, whereupon, after a short conference how to order the attempt, and earnest looking to the Lord for his providence, we fell in amongst them, and by eight of the clock were all at an anchor, some under the castle and forts, and others by the ships' sides, as we could berth ourselves to keep clear of one another, and best annoy the enemy. They had five or six galleons (whereof where the admiral, vice-admiral, and rear-admiral, with their standard and flags aloft), and other considerable ships, making up the number of twenty-six; some of them having goods brought from the Indies still on board them; others had taken in goods and provisions to carry back again. Most of them were furnished with brass ordnance, and (as we have been informed since) had their full companies of seamen and soldiers kept continually on board them from their first coming thither, which was about the beginning of February last; their general himself in all the time lying but one night off the ship. They were moored close along the shore, which lies in the manner of a semicircle, commanded as far as the ships' end by the castle, and surrounded besides with six or seven forts, with almost a continued line of musketeers and great shot as the ground between admitted; and we were forced to come so near to do our work that many of the men we have slain and wounded were shot by the musketeers from the shore. Notwithstanding, it pleased God that in four hours' time their men were beaten out, and all their ships put ashore, except the admiral's and vice-admiral's, who made the most considerable resistance. About two of the clock, the vice-admiral's was set on fire, and the admiral's, by some happy shot or other accident, suddenly blown up, having (as we perceived just before) many men on board her. By the evening, all the rest were fired, only two that sunk down to rights, and had little but their masts appearing above water. It remained to complete this mercy that our own ships should come off well, wherein the greatest hazard and difficulty lay, for some riding near unto the

shore, and being sorely maimed, did require to be warped off; others, when we came to weigh, drove with the wind, all the while blowing right into the bay; and one of our best frigates struck. The enemy, in the meantime, supplied fresh men into his forts for those we had killed and beaten out in the heat of the action; and from them and the castle continued plying upon us, till, about seven of the clock at night, every ship and vessel belonging to our fleet were, by the good hand of God, got safe out of command. In this service we had not above fifty slain outright, and one hundred and twenty wounded; and the damage to our ships were such, as in two days' time we indifferently well repaired for present security; which we had no sooner done, but the wind veered S.S.W. (which is rare among those islands), and lasted just to bring us to our former station near Cape Mary, where we arrived the 2d of May following; for which merciful appearance all along with us, we desire the Lord may have the praise and glory, and that all that hear of it may turn and say (as of truth we have found), that among the gods there is none like unto Him, neither are there any works like unto His works."

Mr. Hartlib's letter to Mr. Pell, describing the dissolution of Cromwell's last parliament, in 1758, is of historical importance.

"Sir,—On Thursday last, I sent away my letter to Mr. Morland about six o'clock; half an hour after I received the news of the parliament being dissolved. I durst not make another letter to signify the same, hoping, also, that some of the public persons would acquaint you with so sudden and great a matter; but believe it, it was of that necessity that, if their session had continued but two or three days longer, all had been in blood, both in city and country, upon Charles Stuart's account. An army of twenty thousand might have appeared with an ugly petition (for the re-establishing of Charles Stuart), presuming they should find a party amongst them; whilst another army of ten thousand men was landing in England by the jealousy (to say no worse) of our good neighbours. Besides, there was another petition set on foot in the city for a commonwealth, which would have gathered like a snowball; but by the resolute, sudden dissolving of the parliament, both these dangerous designs were mercifully prevented. Whether we shall have another parliament shortly, or a grand council of only optimates in the meantime, we cannot tell. All the officers of the army attended his highness, on Saturday last, in the banquetting-hall, where they were entertained with a speech of two hours long, which made them afresh to resolve to stand or fall, live and die, with my lord protector. Here you have his highness's two last speeches to both houses, as they were taken at his elbow; there is much nonsense, &c., in the last, but there are very few men yet that have any copy at all of them. My faithful correspondent answers thus:—"I cannot be unwilling that my name should be known to the worthy Mr. P., but I am much more desirous that my heart were able to serve him. If you communicate my loose discourses, that the truth may not lose due lustre by my defect, I entreat you to represent that the discourse of antichrist was written as a letter at one hasty draught; the discourse of dreams was a collection out of holy records, and some little experience at the first dawning of that kind of light, with which I am now much more practically and experimentally acquainted; and I dare say that very many Christians who serve the lord with fasting, alms, and prayers, in the day of great distresses, do find the presence of the Lord in dreams; if I

should deny it, I should deny God's merciful providence towards me in the preservation of my life, and in other near concerns. I know not to what purpose I or any man should devise these things if they wanted truth." The letter is dated February 6th.\*

The plot which followed is thus told:

"Mr. Hartlib to Mr. Pell.

"April 22, 1658.

"Sir,—I hope you receive all mine, which I have not failed to send weekly, with many considerable papers. Since your last, of March 18–28, I received none from your hands. Here you have the continuation of Mr. Beale's letter, in answer to the extracts of some of your last. I have nothing to add, but that your natural weather-glass (I mean your weather-wise toad) is very considerable, but somewhat short, and would be more largely explained. First, what those colours and varieties of appearance were. Second, what alterations they did portend, whether rain, storms of wind, change of heat and cold; all those, or only some one of them. Third, how the toad was maintained, fed, or kept alive in that cell. I pray vouchsafe your answer, if you can, to those particulars. We are still troubled with the old royal political toads. Stapley (once a member of the council of state), vice-admiral of Sussex, is close prisoner, there being no less than four commissions from Charles Stuart found in his study. Dr. Chenel is said to have begged the life of Dr. Hewit. Both Howard and Stapley, to save their lives, are the more ready to discover the rest of their fellow-conspirators. The Earl of Peterborough's brother will go to pot; but the Lord Bellasis (now prisoner at Windsor) is like to be the first man to be tried before the High Court of Justice. All the gentry of Sussex are suspected to have been in the plot. It was not so strongly and universally contrived as it hath been again as strongly and universally discovered, before it could be executed, by most strange and signal providences. I suppose the printed papers will tell you the death of the most honestly noble Lord of Warwick dying suddenly in a fit of the cholera. His eldest son, my Lord Rich, is fallen very sick; as likewise my Lord Rich ..... (I mean the lieutenant of the Tower.)\* There is yet no public speech of parliament at Whitehall; but the Swedish resident here tells that it will sit the 4th of June next. Vale et salve."

Mr. Hartlib writes a great deal about making English wines, and there are details of improvements in sick-beds, clocks, &c. &c. &c., but we find nothing in the scientific matters worthy of notice in our day. We conclude with a single example, one of the most curious (1658).

"The travelling chariots begin more and more to be in use amongst us; they were first invented by Colonel Blunt, in Kent; they go with one or two horses, and are so light that, if the horses be good, they may go easily, with two or more persons, fifty or sixty miles a-day. The Earl of Thanet uses another kind of new invented carriages, carrying in them five hundred-weight of all manner of commodities, the carriage being closely covered to shelter it from rain, and going fifty miles a-day with one horse, which is changed for another at twenty-five miles; but the carriers are so stupid that they have not as yet followed his example. There had like fallen out a very sad accident last week, when the ship was launched which was called the Richard; for by reason of the wildness of the horses, they ran away, and tore my Lord Richard's coach all in pieces, my lord

\* "Sir John Barkstead, knight, was lieutenant of the Tower."

protector, Major Beak, and Mr. Pierrepont, being in it; but, God be thanked, no hurt was done, but only my Lord Richard received some wounds."\*

*Journey to the North of India, overland from England by way of Persia.* Revised, with Additions, Maps, and other Plates. By Lieut. Conolly. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

THIS work having been graciously received on its first appearance, may hope for favour in its second dress, now that the liveliest interest has been excited about the countries of Asia, which it describes: countries which even men of this generation may possibly see theatres of big wars, prompted by rival European states of northern latitudes; or, what is much more devoutly to be wished, fields of settling and civilising commerce, nourished by the laudable emulation of the same two foreign powers, grown tolerant and sociable in the now imperfectly received truth, that there is plenty of room in the wide world for both of them. To this complexion things must come at last; revelation and reason both assure us that they will; but whether in passing through lusty youth to the soberness of man's estate, great Peter's child will keep bounds which will allow the desired consummation to be peaceably brought about, really seems a question meriting grave consideration.

First may be noticed, in this edition, a rearrangement, and slight condensation, of the parts concerning politics especially; which, as the preface says, "were scattered and repeated in the first impression;" those that relate to the Oxus, and the Tartar States, which its waters divide, are brought together in a chapter which introduces you to the ugly, little, man-stealing barbarians who rove this classic desert; while those that treat of the more palatable intrigues which are being directed against our Eastern supremacy from the side of Persia, form a connected article, under the old title of "Overland Invasion of India."

A new and most comprehensive map, by Arrowsmith, puts the whole area of this vast political field before the reader. This sketch gives an outline of all the world between our tight little island, St. Petersburg, Babel-mandel Straits, and the easternmost British Indian possessions; but as it contains only the chief mountains, rivers, and places in each quarter, and has all its lakes and oceans beautifully watered, the eye can take in the bearings of the whole in two or three glances, after which it may rest upon the differently coloured parts to which particular attention is begged.

The first part of the Overland Invasion chapter made it clear how the great bear was likely to play the monkey's part with Persia, unless the lion of England put his paw upon the proceedings of his brother. The late advances on Herat justify all that was prognosticated in this respect; and the British government of

\* "Richard Cromwell seems to have suffered remarkably from accidents of this kind. In the year preceding, he was twice in danger of his life. 'Twice in this year,' (1657) says Godwin, in his 'History of the Commonwealth,' vol. ii. p. 477, 'Richard Cromwell appears to have sustained a serious accident. The first time was on the 29th of January, when the parliament went to congratulate the protector on the defeat of Sindercombe's plot. A temporary staircase broke down, and Richard Cromwell is said to have been much bruised. For the second time, we have no information how it happened, and are indebted for our only notice on the subject to Thurloe. This is in August and September, when the secretary informs Henry Cromwell that his brother's bones are well set, and that he is in a hopeful way of recovery. It is curious, as a matter of state etiquette, that, the heir to the British dominions not having been considered in danger of death, no notice is taken in either of the only two newspapers then existing, which were conducted by Nedham, and may be considered as court-gazettes."

India, roused suddenly, by the shah's haughty and insolent treatment of their minister at his court, to consider the consequences of his being pushed on even to the Indus, seem to have recognised the force of the suggestion that was, in the second part of the same paper, offered for the defeat of this undoubted design. The remedy proposed was, "to make ourselves independent of the Persian shah," by raising up a monarch in Afghanistan. Persian interests, it was argued, clashed with ours in the vital point of the extension of her sway eastward; while commanded, as she was, from Russia's strong adjoining frontier on the Amu River and Caspian Sea, she could not be any thing but the czar's tool. The Affghans, it was represented, possessing a country that might be made impregnable to attack from any quarter, and having an interest in the continuance of a power which can uphold them, and enrich them by commerce, ought to be "established as a solid barrier on our west." This advice (p. 351, vol. ii.) was qualified with a question, "Whether the prospect of Persia's extending her empire upon the ruins of the Doorraunee monarchy, was so near as to make an immediate interference necessary? and whether or no the embarrassments with which we might surround ourselves by such a policy, would outweigh the advantages to be expected from it?" The first part of the query has been plainly answered by the Persians from Herat, as far as their will went: nor must we decide, from Kamran's gallant defence of his capital, that he, or his successors, would have been long able to hold out with a portion of the Affghaan people, against the attacks of a nation assisted by Russia. The advantages which we may derive from our decided interference in the affairs of the, in many points, estimable but divided tribes of Affghaan highlanders, cannot yet awhile be balanced against the embarrassments which may result from it, and we don't yet sufficiently know what has been done towards the adoption of the great plan recommended, to pronounce whether it has been well or ill done. We must wait for more positive advices, and, in the interim, satisfy ourselves that as the Indian government possesses servants of clear heads and good experience in Eastern matters, it is probable that what the danger which was near them really demanded was done.

The new portraits, by Landseer, merit notice. One of Syud Muheem Shah, the truly open-hearted Affghaan, who opened his purse to a stranger in need; the other, of Syud Keramat Ali, the solidly, intellectual looking, and gentlemanlike man of letters, who proved his friendship and talent throughout the journey.

While on the subject of Afghanistan, let it be noted that the public may immediately expect a third edition of the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone's History of Caubul; a book which, although it is to be found in every good library, has for some time been what booksellers call "out of print." To this original and copious work every body must refer, who wishes thoroughly to know who and what the Affghans are. It is the grammar and dictionary to all questions concerning this very interesting race, and tells much about the wild tribes that are seated beyond them.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1839: Versailles.* By Leitch Ritchie, Esq. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

Of the beautiful and splendid embellishments of this volume, the opening of which, with its

new patent binding is quite a treat, we have spoken elsewhere, so that we need here only notice the literary department furnished by Mr. Ritchie. Versailles, in short, supplies hints for a *coup d'œil* over the court of France, from the time of Catherine de Medicis, and principally in the reigns of Louis XIII., XIV., and XV. With these most readers are acquainted through the hundreds of French memoirs which have been more or less popular; and Mr. Ritchie, therefore, could do no more than he has done with his materials—make an amusing selection from them, and so illustrate the plates. It is true that the base description of the profligacy of these scenes, and especially of the degrading dissoluteness of the later times, is not the sort of reading best adapted to comport with English decencies or improve English morals; but whatever objections we may have to the substance, we have none to the manner in which the writer has treated it.

We shall offer no quotation, and merely mention a rather curious matter connected with one portion of the work. In speaking of La Vallière and her royal lover, Louis XIV., we are told of the bold scandalous writings of Count Bussy Rabutin, who was sent to the Bastille for his "*Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*." A MS. of this person's writing was singularly obtained by Mr. Alex. Fraser, at a sale of the Duke d'Artois' effects in Edinburgh, when, having bought a book of his, he accidentally discovered that the boards used in binding were hollow, and concealed this work.

We may, perhaps, give some further account of it.

*Beauty's Costume: a Series of Female Figures in the Dresses of all Times and Nations.* Executed under the Superintendence of Charles Heath. With original Descriptions, by Leitch Ritchie, Esq. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

TWELVE plates of German, Chinese, Greek, Roman, Venetian, French, and English females, of various ages (we mean ages as regards old Time, for all the fair wearers of these costumes are young and beautiful), form an extremely rich and pretty toilet volume, and will, we doubt not, be acceptable to the lovely successors of those lovely creatures, in dresses almost as captivating as themselves. Mr. Leitch Ritchie has furnished what are called "Descriptions," consisting of a few lines to each; but not so appositely as we would have expected from him. Indeed, several of them are not descriptions at all, nor even apologies for descriptions. For example, No. VII., Costume of the time of Louis XV.: "This is merely a modification of the last, but with the addition of the unapproachable hoop." Such notices are hardly worth noticing on a title-page with the name of a popular writer, as they raise expectations only to disappoint them. The next No. of a Chinese lady (VIII.) is also very careless: it begins, "It will be seen at a glance that this Chinese lady is no more intended for walking than a Chinese temple,"—an assertion which is not borne out by what is seen in any way, for it is a three-quarter length, very well proportioned, and the feet or limbs (on which the remark would rest) are invisible. Even in trifles, more attention should be paid to productions for the public. The pictures, however, are very charming, and coloured to admiration.

*The Natural History of the Sperm Whale, &c.; to which is added, a Sketch of a South Sea Whaling Voyage,* by Thomas Beale, Surgeon, Demonstrator of Anatomy to the Eclectic Society, &c. 12mo. pp. 393. (London, Van Voorst.)—The sperm-whale has been so often described that we need only remark of this volume, that it gives

the most complete account of that vast creature, its anatomy, food, habits, mode of capture, &c. &c. which we have seen. The voyages and travel are full of moving accident by flood and field (of ice); and the whole will be perused with gratification both in regard to what it embraces of natural history, and of a matter of great commercial enterprise.

*The Guide to Trade.* Pp. 72. (London, Knight and Co.)—A guide to the chemist and druggist, and one of those little brochures which the press so frequently pours forth, to help all sorts of people, in all sorts of ways, to all sorts of things. It seems to be practical and well done.

*Practical and Surgical Anatomy,* by W. J. E. Wilson. 12mo. pp. 492. (London, Longman and Co.)—With fifty wood engravings, Mr. Wilson has given a good surgical dictionary, with clear and brief, and apparently accurate, descriptions of every portion of the human frame. When one reads a page, it is impossible not to feel that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.

*Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine,* by J. Hare, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 150. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Leeds, Bean and Son.)—Bowed down as we are with literary toil, we turn, of course, with interest to any work which treats of the cure of the curvature of the spine. But, alas! there is nothing in this volume to remove or remedy our complaint; it is addressed to those deformities now so widely prevalent, and, after considerable experience, explains and enforces the method which Mr. Hare has successfully applied to their cure.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 12. Mr. Hamilton, president, in the chair.—This being the first meeting of the season, numerous donations to the library were announced; among others, the Transactions of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, and of the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg; the Narrative and Atlas of M. de Bougainville's Voyage round the Globe, and all the published sheets of the great Topographic Map of France, in 250 sheets. Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, was elected foreign corresponding member. Read extracts from the following papers:—1st. From Mr. Ainsworth, at Constantinople, dated 17th of September, stating his arrival in that city, where he had found Mr. Rassam, and that on the following day they were to start for Kaisariyah and Mosul. During his journey across Europe, Mr. Ainsworth has been enabled to obtain observations on the magnetic intensity of the earth at Paris, Chalons, Geneva, Isella, Milan, Verona, Venice, Laybach, Vienna, Pest, Galatz, and Constantinople; the needles with which these observations were made having been sent home and vibrated here, the observations have been reduced by Major Sabine, R.A., and compared with the corresponding observations of Baron Humboldt, in 1805; M. Keilhau, in 1826; and M. Quetelet, in 1830, with which they shew a very remarkable agreement. 2d. 'Outline of the recent Expedition to the North-west Coast of Australia; under Lieutenants Grey and Lushington.' Her Majesty's ship Beagle, Captain Wickham, destined for the nautical survey of the north-western and other parts of the coast of Australia, on board which vessel were embarked Lieutenants Grey and Lushington, and their party for the land expedition, left England on the 14th of July, and touching at Teneriffe, and Bahia in the Brazils, reached the Cape of Good Hope on the 21st of September, 1837. Here the parties separated, as the Beagle's orders directed her to Swan River, while the leaders of the land expedition adopted the spirited but hazardous determination of proceeding direct to their destination on the N.W. coast of Australia.

Having freighted the Lynher, a schooner of 160 tons, taken on board 50 sheep and goats, and made all the requisite arrangements for the thorough equipment of their party, Messrs. Grey and Lushington quitted the Cape on the 20th of October, and on the 3d of December reached Hanover Bay, at the outlet of Prince

Regent's River, in lat. 15° 20' south, long. 124° 40' east. Here having landed and pitched their tents in a beautiful valley, now for the first time trodden by European feet, and having formally taken possession of this part of the country in the name of her Majesty, the schooner, under charge of Mr. Lushington, was despatched to Coepang, in the island of Timor, distant about 300 miles to the north, to embark ponies. During the vessel's absence, Mr. Grey and his party examined the country in the immediate vicinity of their camp, and explored a small stream which watered the valley, for about five miles to the southward, where it separated into two branches. The country generally as viewed from the sea, promises well, but upon landing the first appearance is monotonous and sterile, being composed of rocky hills of sandstone about 300 feet in height, covered with brushwood and prickly grass; but between these hills are beautiful valleys, the soil of which is fertile, and where fresh water may always be found. Although at this time, from prudential motives, no communication was held with the natives, still their huts were visited, and found to consist of a conical framework of wood, about 4 feet high and 10 feet in diameter at the base, and upon the whole well and neatly made. They were evidently in possession of sharp-cutting instruments, and many large trees were seen with notches or steps cut in them, by means of which they ascend for the purpose of stripping off the bark, which furnishes them with all the clothes they need in this fine climate: the hatchets may probably be of stone. Their principal food would seem to be here, as in other parts of this land, kangaroo and shell-fish, as their remains were found near their fires, and both of them are abundant. On the return of Lieutenant Lushington from Timor, with the ponies and other necessities, the party, consisting of twelve persons, on the 1st of February quitted their encampment at Hanover Bay for the interior. They proceeded first about 15 miles in a nearly due south direction, until they had reached 15° 29' S. lat. After passing this parallel they entered upon a very rich tract of country, that even surpassed in fertility that small portion of the Brazils which they had had an opportunity of seeing. A large expanse of water having been seen a little to the west of south, they were induced to pursue that direction, and still found the country to be of the same rich and luxuriant character. Upon attaining the parallel of 15° 43' S. lat. and 124° 44' E. long., they found themselves upon the banks of a very considerable river, which Lieutenant Grey named Glenelg River, in testimony of the obligations which he and the whole expedition were under to the principal secretary of state for the colonies. The river was at this point salt; and as, from its magnitude and rapid current, they could not cross it, they were obliged to travel up its banks in a north-easterly direction. The luxuriance of the vegetation much impeded their progress; so that, although their horses again began to thrive from the goodness of the grass, their advance was still slow and difficult. The river first became perfectly fresh at a point situated in 15° 41' S. lat., and 124° 53' E. long. Beyond this point it would not be navigable for large vessels; for a series of rapids occur here, so that a portage must necessarily be established. Hence they still continued their course to the eastward, in the direction of the river, but at some distance from it, until they arrived at a point situated in 15° 41' 50" S. lat., and 124° 59' E. long. It was here quite fresh, running at



the rate of rather more than five knots an hour. Its banks were composed of fine white sand; and even close to the bank it was two and a half fathoms in depth. On the other side of the river, the country appeared to be low and marshy; and a remarkable circumstance was observed, namely, that drift-wood, weeds, &c., were lodged in the forked branches of trees at least fifteen feet above their heads when they stood upon the banks: extensive inundations must, therefore, sometimes take place, and, at these periods, there is little doubt that the whole of the low country to the south is flooded. A very large tributary stream here joined the river, which they could not cross, as it ran through a low and marshy country; and they were again obliged to turn off to the northward. After following its course for about eight miles through a marshy and almost impassable country, they succeeded in crossing it, but still experienced great difficulty upon the other side, owing to the heavy rains which had lately fallen, and increased the wetness of the marshes. Lieut. Grey remarks that these heavy rains, which were of several days' continuance, had but very little effect upon the main river, and would by no means account for the signs of inundation which they saw there. This observation, viewed in connexion with some others, bears materially upon the physical geography of the country. In 15° 49' S. lat. and 126° 6' E. long., they crossed another very considerable stream, which ran in the direction of Glenelg river. This was the largest tributary stream seen flowing down to it. The next point at which they saw the river was in 15° 56' S. lat. and in 125° 8' E. long.; it was here 250 yards wide, but again formed a series of rapids; and they found a ford just above these, the average depth of which was not more than three feet. The soil on its banks was still good: the bed of the river at this point trended away to the eastward. Only twelve ponies now surviving out of the twenty-six which had arrived from Timor, it was deemed prudent no longer to follow the course of this stream; but Lieut. Grey resolved to push on with as much despatch as possible in the direction of the great opening behind Dampier's Land; for although it was evident that, from want of provisions, they would soon be compelled to return to Hanover Bay, he conceived it absolutely necessary that the part of the country above alluded to should be examined. After crossing the river, the country again changed its character, the soil becoming sandy, and they began the ascent of a chain of hills running from S.E. to N.W. They continued this gradual ascent for three days, and at its summit, both to the S.E., S., and S.W. they could see nothing but inaccessible precipices. At this time Mr. Grey's wound in the hip, which he received from the spear of a native at the outset of his journey, became so painful, that the surgeon positively forbade his proceeding a step further. A detached party, therefore, started under the command of Mr. Lushington, and attained a point situated in about 16° 30' S. lat. and 125° 15' E. long.; the result of their reconnaissance was, that, in all probability, no large river could exist immediately to the south. As any further attempt to proceed in that direction appeared then to be useless, and as the party were compelled to return to Hanover Bay from want of provisions, they resolved to make for this point by a route different to that which they had already traversed, and thus fully to complete the exploration of this portion of the country. On arriving at Hanover Bay, on the 15th of March, they had the unexpected pleasure of meeting

with Captain Wickham, R.N., in command of H.M.S. Beagle, who had, after a careful examination of the coast, arrived at the same conclusion, viz., that no large river could exist between the one that they had discovered and Fitz Roy River, which he had discovered at the south part of the great opening behind Dampier's Land. These rivers, although of considerable magnitude, are still utterly insufficient to account for the drainage of this vast continent; and this interesting question, instead of being at all placed in a clearer point of view by the united exertions of these two expeditions is, if possible, at this moment involved in deeper obscurity and mystery than ever. In the course of the journey, Messrs. Grey and Lushington found a great many curious native paintings in caves, executed in a surprising way for a savage race. In these caves were some drawings of the human hand, which shewed great knowledge of the art of producing effect: they selected a rock in the most gloomy part of the cave, and the hand must have been placed upon this rock and some white powder dashed against it. When the hand was removed, a sort of stamp was left upon the rock; the hand was then painted black and the rock about it quite white, so that, on entering that part of the cave, it appeared as if a human hand and arm were projecting through a crevice, admitting light. Many of the figures in these drawings were clothed, though the natives themselves were in a perfect state of nature. These and other circumstances would countenance the belief that they are a race of Asiatic origin; indeed, Lieut. Grey expresses his conviction that the mass of evidence he has collected on this point will enable him to prove it. These caves and paintings were all far inland, and nothing of the kind was near the coast. Copies were also obtained of some of the drawings by the natives living on the coast; but these are said to be the productions of a quite distinct race. Before quitting Hanover Bay the party had the gratification of seeing the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees which they had brought from Timor, and planted in the valley, as well as numerous seeds from the Brazils and the Cape of Good Hope, in a most flourishing state. They had also introduced and left there several animals, as ponies, goats, &c., and, in short, done every thing in their power to make their visit a blessing to the natives and to the country.

[To be continued.]

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

FIRST Illustration of the present session. The Secretary read a paper 'On Bone, and its Uses in the Arts;' for which we hope to find space in our next.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED.

##### UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Seatonian Prize for the best English Poem upon a theological subject, has been adjudged to the Rev. T. Hankinson, of Corpus Christi College. Subject, "Eubopia stretching out her hands unto God." The following is the subject of the Norrissian Prize Essay for the present year:—"The Divine origin of the Holy Scriptures may be inferred from their perfect adaptation to the circumstances of Human Nature."

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

DAVIES GILBERT, Esq. in the chair. First meeting of the session.—Nearly the whole of a protracted sitting was occupied with the reading of abstracts of papers left over last session. A long list of donations, made to the Society during the vacation, was read. Auditors were

elected. Amongst them was Sir John Herschel; on the mention of whose name the chairman congratulated the Society on the recent honour of a baronetcy conferred by her majesty on Sir John, as a reward for his meritorious astronomical labours at the Cape.—A short note, by Lieut. Wood, Indian Navy, 'On the Discovery of the Source of the Oxus,' was read. We have already given nearly all the particulars of this interesting discovery.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.  
Thursday.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Card Player.* Painted by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.; engraved by Charles G. Lewis. London, 1838. Hodgson and Graves.

ANOTHER of those interesting compositions from familiar life, to which we adverted last week in our notice of "Village Recruits." The scene is well described in the publisher's prospectus:

"The subject represents the interior of the kitchen of a village inn, in which are met, to pass a leisure hour, a group of visitors, in the full excitement of an interesting game of whist. The host and his partner have, as is expressed by their happy countenances, the best of the game; indeed, by the cards they hold, it appears they have all the tricks, save one, to the no little chagrin of their opponents: one of whom (the exciseman) watches with an earnest glance the play of his partner; and though the back of this worthy is turned towards you, the uplifted hand, pulling his hair, tells you that even the chance of war is over, and that the game is lost. The pretty hostess, with a child in her arms, watches with eagerness the progress of the game; while the village maltster leans over the back of the chair of one of the players, and by his face exhibits a deep interest in the play."

Mr. Lewis is entitled to great praise for the beautiful and highly finished mezzotint plate which he has produced from this pleasing work.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

##### THOSE I LEFT BEHIND.

No wailing tone of deep regret  
Conveyed my farewell word;  
The soul's full tide may run, and yet  
Its murmur not be heard.  
And though there was no kindred tie,  
No olden love to bind,  
Still, still I breathed a yearning sigh  
To those I left behind.

My eye looked back upon the land,  
As if 'twere loath to part;  
I felt that every grasping hand  
Had served to win my heart.  
For each swift moment had been blest,  
Each stranger warm and kind;  
Cords had been wove that link'd my breast  
To those I left behind.

E'en as the one about to wing  
His way to world of bliss,  
Would fain forego that world, and cling  
To some dear joys in this.  
So I, though with my home before,  
Yet hardly hope to find  
Aught there to glad my spirits more  
Than those I left behind.

ELIZA COOK.

## WE MET, AND WE PARTED.

We met—when all that life possessed  
Of bright and beautiful was ours;  
Ere blight or tempest had destroyed  
Its fairest flowers.  
The future, like some distant shrine  
The eager pilgrim strives to gain,  
Seemed greeting us with kindling smile—  
Its smiles were vain.

We parted—each warm feeling crushed;  
The future bliss I strove to clasp  
Still lured me on; but, phantomlike,  
Still fled my grasp.  
And years have rolled, and now I stand  
Storm-beaten on life's desert shore;  
But hope still whispers we shall meet  
To part no more.

Nov. 3, 1838.

JOSEPH CROOKES.

## DRAMA.

*Adephi.*—The only dramatic novelty of the week has been produced here, under the title of *A Model of a Man*, and has been favourably received.

## VARIETIES.

*The Queen on Horseback.*—We have been favoured with a sight of Mr. Davis's picture, painted as a companion to Mr. Grant's admirable painting of the Royal Hunt, and been much pleased with the group of Her Majesty on horseback, with the King and Queen of Belgium, and her court in attendance. The animals, all the favourites of her stud, are executed to perfection; and, as far as we can judge of the riders, they are good likenesses of these gay personages, living so happily in the sunshine (though a queen, we cannot, in our royal affection, say moonshine,) of royalty.

*Temperance Societies in America.*—At a meeting of the Ashmolean Society at Oxford, last week, a Mr. Delaval, of Ballston, New York, gave a sketch of the rise and progress of Temperance Societies in the United States, and of the immense change which they have wrought in society. In one State, he assured his hearers, where there had been 1300 distilleries, there were now 200. In agricultural districts nine-tenths of the farmers drink only water, and were becoming quite rich by feeding their cattle on the apples of which they used to make cider. Insurance Companies would insure vessels which did not carry spirits, 5 per cent lower than others. Whole States had taken up the subject, and framed laws to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors. The State of Massachusetts had recently enacted, that no intoxicating liquor should be sold in a less quantity than fifteen gallons, with the exception of what is wanted medicinally; for which purpose people were appointed, in the ratio of 1 to 2000, to sell them on medical certificates. Tennessee and Connecticut had also made prohibitory enactments.

*Earthquake.*—On the 29th and 30th of September, Mount Etna was in a state of unusual violence; the lava from which has already attained the place called La Casa Inglese: and on the former day, a smart shock of earthquake was experienced at Messina.

*Sale of Duplicates.*—The sale of the numerous duplicates in the Royal Library of the Hague, is to begin on Monday week, and will continue for ten days. The number of works is 3830,—the bulk of which is historical, though there are many on divinity, jurisprudence, belles lettres, &c., and some old editions.—*Paris and London Advertiser.*

*Paper.*—MM. Montgolfier, paper-makers, have, it is said, substituted wooden chips for rags in their manufacture; and, besides this, they expect soon to have on sale a wooden paste-board, which shall be impervious to the wet, and prove an economical substitute for slate, in the covering of the roofs of buildings.—*Ibid.*

*Electricity of Wood.*—M. Ratt, a cabinet-maker, when planing wood, remarked that several chips manifested electric phenomena. By means of an electrometer he ascertained that in certain species, especially those of America, the electricity was positive, while in others it was negative, and this particularly characterised the French woods.—*Ibid.*

*Fulcher's Sudbury Pocket-Book for 1839.*—This is decidedly one of the best ladies' pocket-book that appears for the ensuing year. It contains some excellent poems, and the usual variety of charades, riddles, &c.; as well as its proper quantum of useful information.

*Drawing-Room Almanac* (Darton and Clark).—This is a very prettily ornamented broad-side, indeed, with green and gold, and borders of great taste and elegance.

*Fall of Stars.*—The expected fall of stars about the 11th, 12th, and 13th of November, has not been so particular in our climate as to fulfil astronomical anticipations.

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

*A History of the Fishes of Madeira*, by the Rev. R. T. Lowe, with original Figures from Nature of all the Species, by the Hon. C. E. Norton and Miss Young.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Heath's Picturesque Annual, 1839: History and Description of Versailles, with 19 Illustrations, royal 8vo. 21s.; India proofs, 32s. — *The Revolt of the Bees*, 3d edition, fcap, 2s. — *Introduction to Astronomy*, by J. Bonycastle, 9th edition, with corrections and additions, by Professor Young, 12mo. 9s. — *The Student's Compendium of Comparative Anatomy*, by P. Evers, 8vo. 6s. 6d. — *Ornithological Biography*, by J. J. Audubon, Vol. IV, royal 8vo. 35s. — *Political Discourses*, by G. Ramsay, 8vo. 9s. — *Minstrel Melodies*, being a Collection of Songs, 18mo. 5s. — *Combe on the Constitution of Man*, abridged for Schools, 18mo. 2s. 3d. — *"One Catholic and an Apostolic Church"*, by the Rev. J. P. Walsh, 8vo. 2s. 6d. — *Memoirs of the Wernian Natural History Society*, Vol. VII, 8vo. 18s. — *Jesus the Mercy-Seat*, by J. C. Means, 12mo. 4s. 6d. — *Rev. G. D. Krummacher's Israel's Wanderings*, Vol. II, 12mo. 6s. — *Comstock's System of Natural Philosophy*, edited by Lees, 18mo. 5s. 6d. — *Portrait of an English Churchman*, by the Rev. W. Grealey, post 8vo. 7s. — *Parallel Universal History*, by P. Prince, post 8vo. 12mo. 12s. 6d. — *New Dictionary of the English Language*, by C. Richardson, 8vo. 18s. — *Moultre's Poems*, new edit. fcap, 7s. — *Treatise on Physiology and Phenology*, by Dr. Roget (from the "Encyc. Britannica"), 2 vols, post 8vo. 12s. — *The Excitement*, 1839, edited by Rev. R. Jamieson, 18mo. 4s. 6d. — *Quebec and New York; or, the Three Beauties*, 3 vols, post 8vo. 21s. — *Bacon's Advancement of Learning*, new edit. fcap, 5s. — *Fragments in Verse*, fcap, 5s. — *Sir W. Scott's Marion*, new edit. fcap, with Plates, 7s. — *Ditto*, Lady of the Lake, ditto, ditto, 7s.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1838.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 8	From 46 to 53	29.48 to 29.47
Friday .. 9	44 .. 49	29.38 .. 29.45
Saturday .. 10	35 .. 45	29.58 .. 29.56
Sunday .. 11	28 .. 38	29.62 .. 29.61
Monday .. 12	33.5 .. 45	29.96 .. 30.19
Tuesday .. 13	29.5 .. 45	30.28 .. 30.26
Wednesday 14	28 .. 46	30.17 .. 30.00

Winds, S.W. and N.E.

Generally clear, except the morning of the 9th, afternoon of the 10th, and morning of the 11th; rain fell on the 9th and following day.

Rain fallen, .925 of an inch.

November Meteors.—An account of these will appear in our next.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 32" N.

Longitude .. 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the Meteorological Society. October, 1838.

Thermometer—Highest .. 61.75 .. the 2d.  
Lowest .. 27.50 .. 13th.  
Mean .. 47.44759

Barometer—Highest .. 30.15 .. 3d and 8th.  
Lowest .. 29.05 .. 29th.  
Mean .. 29.73357

Number of days of rain, 14.

Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 2.925.

Winds.—4 North-East—0 East—0 South-East—5 South—7 South-West—6 West—5 North-West—4 North.

*General Observations.*—The month was warmer than in the last three years, although the range was not so great as in October last year, the maximum being very much lower. The quantity of rain was much greater than last year, and about an inch fell on the night of the 27th. The barometer was lower than in the last three years, and fell rapidly on the evening preceding the gale, which proved very heavy, and commenced about 11 P.M. of the 28th, and increased in violence until between three and four o'clock on Monday morning the 29th. The direction of the wind was nearly west, and the height of the gale was about four A.M., the wind, after a tremendous burst, at that time abated; the lulls lasted longer, and by daylight there was only a strong breeze. For several days during the middle of the month it blew very fresh from the west and south-west, but chiefly in the nights.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

September 17, 1838.

Sir,—Reading your report of the paper on Halley's comet by Sir John Herschel, in which some very singular phenomena are stated, has recalled to my mind an idea started some years ago on the "use of comets;" the argument was, that as light and heat, emitted from the sun to the surrounding system, are really matter, and as in the course of ages the sun must thereby lose a portion of matter, so great as to effect his attractive power, and by lessening that power derange the whole system, it became necessary (so to speak) that the sun should be constantly supplied with matter to sustain an equilibrium. And it has been suggested whether the all-wise Creator has not ordained that comets should answer this purpose, by collecting matter in their distant travels, and depositing the same with the sun, to be again emitted in the form of light. And it has again been argued, that the apparent loss of the nebulae during the perihelion, the disturbed state of the sun's atmosphere, together with the great alterations in the appearance of comets, are all in favour of this theory. I should be very glad if these remarks attracted the attention of Sir John Herschel, and if you think them calculated to promote inquiry on so interesting a subject, I should feel obliged by your inserting them in your *Gazette*.—I have the honour to be, Sir, &c.

W. H. MARSHEN.

Captain Creswell's plan of cast-iron chambers embedded at the angles of any great building, say of the Royal Exchange, in masses of solid masonry, forming these angles, would, we dare say, preserve papers and property deposited in them from conflagration. But the immense space they would occupy, and the trouble of access from perhaps fifty offices under the same roof, seem to be strong objections. Being ourselves a little inclined to the projection of improvements, we confess that we prefer the suggestion we threw out some months ago, as more generally applicable and equally safe, namely, that every office, in every house, might have a sufficient safe suspended by cords on a crane over a thinly boarded descent into a pit or well. The moment the cords were snapt by the flames, the chest would fall, and either by its own weight, or in consequence of the fire having destroyed the floor, would sink into the aperture below, whence it could readily be raised, without an atom of injury, on clearing the rubbish from the site.

*Escape from Fire.*—We perfectly agree with our correspondent Criss, on the unaccountable neglect which exists in this country with regard to the means of escaping from fire. But it is not the same with almost every suggested and possible improvement? Habit is the master of ninety-nine hundreds of the people; and you cannot cram precaution, even for the sake of self-preservation, down their throats. They can hardly be induced to guard against certainties—still less against accidents. It is, we dare say, quite true that Paris, with 1,000,000 inhabitants, has 1000 firemen, whilst London, with 2,000,000, has only 100. That the London "escapes" are too short for contingencies, being only thirty-five feet long, whilst several houses are fifty feet to their summits; and that no means have been taken to render them "fire-proof." We have in our pages described from time to time, as they were invented, various ingenious modes for the avoidance of this great calamity—letting down chairs, &c. &c., but we have no objection to add his present notice, viz. that one of the best escapes for keeping in a house and letting down, is described as the following: a pipe of canvas, flexible, the upper part open like a bladder, down which the party slides with certain security. The weight is about 25 lbs; length, 50 feet; and cost, 3s.

Report of the Society of Antiquaries, and one or two other Societies, unavailing as postscript.

"The Picturesque Annual" is before us, but having the "Book of Beauty," and other matters of a similar kind, we shall wait till our next to notice its exquisite plates, both of interiors (Versailles) and whole-length figures.

"Mr. H—P—e," writer of a MS. volume of letters to the "Man," &c., will find a packet at our office.

# ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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## TO BOOK-SOCIETIES, FAMILIES, and

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